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NOVEMBER 5, 1978

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Maclean's

NOVEMBER 6, 1978

VOL. 91 NO. 28

Frontiers

A society's monitor

Since the appearance of his first article in *Esquire* in 1963, Tom Wolfe has been the U.S. reigning Prophet of Pop: a satirist, six words at a time, who casts a coldly accurate eye on everything from custom cars to astronauts. The scourge of the Gucci generation, he is, simply, a very good writer.



Conclusions

The fire's out, but the memories glow

In the early '70s, the political playground was urban reform in Canada's large cities. Now the reformers have grown older and the dream of the older cities faded.



Philosophy

**Yes Virginia, there is
a Gules (and others too)**

Midnight Express documents with explosive emotional impact just what it's like to live in the hell of a Turkish prison. In the end, Billy Hayes's personal story becomes an essay on human immigration.



Problems

**A feast that's
fit for a king**

It all started with a dusty bowl in the Valley at the Kings in 1990 BC and ended in 1992 with one of the greatest trade events of the century. Thomas Hoving really increased the fiasco of Tut's tomb.



E-Winkel

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Film [www.thewalltowallfilm.com](#) **B+**

Midnight Express: The Rise
William Devlin's *Culture* **A-**

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A society's monitor

Biggie broadens heaven—also known as International Creative Management—is a place in New York where receptionists snide politeness just in case you're someone important and the lobbies are filled with comfortable pseudo-mod acrylic things just in case you have delicate tastes. It is also the business home of a good number of America's best writers. This month one of its staff, Lyn Nesbit, possibly New York's Very Top literary agent, is juggling manuscript rights for a client's new book, *The Night Shift*, to be published

next April. Her client, author-journalist Tom Wolfe, (*The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, *Radical Chic*, *Maoism Observed*, *Clubbed to Death*) and organizer of the term "The New Journalism" is hanging loose these days. So loose, in fact, that he spent one recent day loitering around the hallways of New York University trying not to get in anyone's way after arriving early for a lecture he was giving at NYU's Washington Square Writing Center.

The curriculum listed Wolfe as a guest speaker but none of the students

actually believed he would show. "I just didn't take it seriously when I saw his name," gasped one disgruntled female. "Do you think he'll autograph my course catalogue?"

Wolfe is looking pleased with the turnout of 50 students. After five years of work, this week he had actually finished *The Night Shift*, his first volume of a two-volume work on the American astronaut. Neither famous nor penitence nor his' manufacturing elevators can war the warm glow that spreads through a writer's lymph system in the euphoric aftermath of finishing a book. He's pleased because this is a chance to talk, albeit in simple terms, about literature and writing and the mess that language is in. Says Wolfe: "We call this a candid age but actually it's the Age of Expressionism and of High-Toned Vowels." His witty burlesque will be interrupted only

twice—both times by a courteous Patricia Sison janitor who will first bring a collection of folding metal bridge-chairs into the classroom next to the lectern where Wolfe is speaking and then, logically, will return 18 minutes later, clasp along, to take them out again. Possibly Wolfe's happy even about that interlude because, without pausing for a moment in his lecture, he has noted the variant look on the janitor's face replaced by the brief moment of pleasure he evidently feels in deliberately refusing to shut the door when he leaves. The whole matter will probably appear somewhere under the Wolfe byline. And finally he's happy because when the lecture is over he will return to his home on Manhattan's East Street where his wife will be waiting for him.

"I kept waiting for them to hand out an award for long-term bachelorhood," explains Wolfe trying (fairly) earnestly to look his age, 47, and making everyone around him in their 30s feel rather creased. "But nobody did and somewhere was being married was a very lucky condition. So many unhappy people (but adjective scruffy little group) were 'not married' that it deflated the status." So it was that last May 27 Wolfe resigned from the singles set and married Sheila Bergen, art director of *Harper's*.

Since the appearance of his last article in *Esquire* in 1963 on California's custom car culture, Wolfe has given the

Wolfe, keeping ahead of the trends

LAMB'S. The Sun Rum.



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affettations of American society no quarter. Still, on meeting him, something seems out of kilter. This gentle New Yorker (a Virginian with a touch



Willie at NYU lecture next topic, jazz

of Southern politesse and a genuine concern to avoid hectoring the student now asking [an early, needless question, the patient speaker with an obvious reluctance to throw a tantrum at the antics of a junior—is this the

name was who has savaged Park Avenue socialists, arrackish socialists, Mao-Maoing blacks and, in a brilliant short story called *The Commercial*, the patronizing racist advertising world of *Mafiosi Avenue*? And the "out-of-kilter" effect is not simply due to manner, because, God knows, murderers can have sweet dispositions and Henry VIII is said to have loved music. No, it extends to Wolfe's interpretation of his own work. Speaking of his devastating satire as the rampant selfishness in America described in his article *The McDevotee* and the *Third Great American*, Wolfe artlessly explains, astonishingly—"I thought I was giving a sympathetic portrayal of the self-help movement." Discussing his analysis of the topical misce of some American intellectuals hatching along their fellow-travelling trips with totalitarian socialism, Wolfe remarks with genuine bewilderment: "Some critics called me Fascist for that article I see myself as a real democrat. I mean if the people want to elect a window cleaner as U.S. president then that's fine with me."

Not being an ideologue himself, Wolfe seems unable to understand the reason ideologues turn on him when his users

ring eye points out their weak spots. Wolfe is, very simply, a writer. The splashy presentation and embossed style seem far removed from the formalities of Erle Zola, the father of naturalism, but it is that tradition to which Wolfe bows. He reports with that peculiar, exclusive love the Mason give those they particularly favor, what he sees. Neither left-wing nor right-wing himself, Wolfe will continue to irritate readers left wingers just as long as American society continues to be dominated by the left-fifties. Should their right-wing counterparts seize power and infuse American politics and culture with their own faith, Wolfe is likely to become the scourge of the conservative camp.

Meanwhile he speculates about what is the current clue to America. "Clue," he says. "It used to be expense could afford some sort of a car and that gave Americans freedom and privacy." Then, with unerring instinct "Maybe that's why politicians love mass transit. They're building a Grid Street subway just four blocks away from the 10th Street one going to the same place. Politicians prefer us to be on scheduled runs." **Barbara Amiel**

Sure it's fiction; there's no part for John Turner

Michael Waldman has been writing *Canadians* and *documentaries* for the last for 10,000 years now, writing the *documentary* (Oso Press) about 17 years along the way. Four years ago he had a cute idea for a new daily TV soap, it would involve around the adventures of an adult male young man who finds himself involved in the prime minister and at the centre of that bubbling political life, of sex and power. But she was sure of the line that the critic wouldn't want to say—or even seem to say—such things about the national capital and first family.

Time passed. Four years, one fractured first family and 23 million raised eyebrows later.

On Oct. 26, old ventured forth with *Summer Drive*, a half-hour weekly radio drama written by the patient Michael Waldman that revolves around John Colledge, a down-to-earth Winnipegger, struggling to a spot in her new life at 24 Sussex. Political Colledge plays Julie, and Ted Follens plays Mike Colledge, who has come out of

nowhere (like the Powers) to become Cash's new prime minister with a very short majority (if somebody has the sense one day the government could topple). Although Larry Zola makes a guest appearance as Larry Zola in the first episode (Oso Press) that, while there is a certain double vision, it is not a bad idea. Right. And *The Green Typhoon* put another shipping industry gem.

Ken James plays Hamilton Post, leader of the opposition who, in episode one, shows his penchant for broadcast while his old-school wife Peg helps him to play with a full deck (reminds how we got into trouble by the end of the last millennium, Julie is an

Follens and Colledge in front of the prime minister's Sussex Drive residence four years ago it didn't seem real



embellished woman, presumably because Mac didn't get home for dinner. What are you going to have for dessert? She also winks over the phone. For dessert I think I'm having tea."

Episode two, a possible Uranium detector uses Julie (who will later be the best) in his context and the Cabinet (Wesley) Club (which an unusual morning like again [yet] all the Rolling Stones, Pomer Water or French movie contracts).

All of this is done with a great deal of humor and clever dialogue and considerable social nuance—in fact more subtle, intelligent lines might help under the lighter, often story lines. Julie, Mike Colledge is a nice, perfectly impersonated the classic soap opera accomplice. The only problem is truth has become fiction. **Barbara Sander-Ledt**

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**I'se the b'y that
freezes the fish**

A black and white illustration of a man playing an electric guitar and a woman sitting next to him, with a sign that says "FISH". The man is wearing a jacket and a hat, and the woman is wearing a headscarf. They are both looking towards the camera. The sign is a rectangular sign with the word "FISH" written on it in a stylized font. The background is a simple line drawing of a building and a street.

So while a Montecarlo who may think that fresh halibut are born and raised on cracked ice can buy the real thing at Waldman's fish market, the St. John's shopper either has to buy fish off the wharf from franks, or settle for cod fillets—caught on the Grand Banks, processed somewhere near Boston, and returned in handy frozen bags to the local supermarket. **Robert Plaskin**

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(Successful Men: *Barry Man and Women Can Achieve It*) and John Malloy (*Dress For Success and Women's Dress For Success*) have starred the best-seller charts and brought the news that success, after a short run as a dirty word in



Gaen loaves. All he has is his talent, enthusiasm, brains and a rather charming smile, which he can flash in vain, because with that hooped-wall-green sports jacket and that tacky checked shirt and those penny loafers—wrong, wrong, wrong—he does not stand a chance. You can already hear the senior executive muttering: "But do you really think Ross is ready for the Galtzba account?"

What Ross is really ready for, if you can believe on the contrary, is an image consultant, an idea whose time could only have come in the late 1980s—get ahead '80s, when the gospels according to American authors Michael Korda

Starrs in consultation: Mr. Dressup

the revolutionary '80s, is back! It's big! It's a gold pen away! The message being: If you look the part, you'll get the part. For those envious of a slightly deeper approach—not to mention green sports jackets—the hope that image consulting could be confined to cities like New York, where entire buildings disgorge hordes of Garment stockbrokers, was dispelled recently when Elizabeth Starrs, living out her shingle in the heart of trendy Toronto

"Can You Success With the Clothes You Have On Now?" produced her brochure introducing a service "unique in

Canada"—showing people how to dress for success. Not only was the question designed to intimidate, it also proved the curiosity of several members of the media (some of them on the scruffy side) who traipsed to her tastefully decorated office and found a not-quite-intimidating (she's only 25, after all) but definitely polished product of a private girls' school and the Chamberlaine School of Retailing in Boston, ready to dispense mother-style advice ("your hair could be neater... I was noticing your nails") along with verbatim passages from the Korda and Malloy books, and a repertoire for power symbols. "If a young ascending businessman comes in here, I check to see he hasn't maintained the trappings of a lower rung." Bye-bye plastic ballpoints, brown-bag lunches.

Starrs, who goes by her childhood nickname Bit, also urges anyone wildly individualistic to proceed with caution in the business world. "Clothes suits that are not to dark blue or grey, these are your safe colors. In terms of fashion, only wear a new style if it's been around for six months and you've seen your superior wearing it." Up and coming businesswomen—brokers, bankers, real estate agents—are "battled" down to a well-known Toronto tailor to have a suit (shirt and jacket, never pants) made. "Now you can choose your fabrics and have three strings—just like a man!"

Starrs has so far groomed the female secretarial staff (at their, not management's, request) of a Toronto law firm, is "going" a branch of London Life Insurance Company, has had lawyers consult her about their clients' "images," and for half-price (her consultation fee is \$40 for an hour) she fixed up a young male friend of hers in the insurance business, who said dismally into the phone: "She'd be ashamed of me if she saw how I was dressed today." He did stress he was wearing "Gleco shoes."

River Starrs' public-relations man, one Robert Kazanov, received a little slip, albeit assuaged: "She walked into my office, took one look at me, and said a guy as short as I am (five-foot-three) should never carry an umbrella. Now you and I ought to look down on this kind of advice, but there are people out there who want to be told these things."

Julith Timson



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A little logo goes a long way

By now the bear was the official emblem of the Commonwealth Games in Edmonton. Keyano, a Chevrolet for brotherhood and friendship, was modelled on the Swan Hills grizzly, a brown bear indigenous to Alberta. But Keyano lost something in translation: in particular, his small black eyes were disturbingly close-set, an expression not enhanced by his boyish red overalls. In stuffed format, he could have



been a crowd-pleaser, a regular teddy-bear, except that he had no mouth. Just a bumper-like nose under the nose. What mascot can succeed with beady eyes and no smile? So it was no surprise that the official acronym—emblazoned with, if not Keyano, the equally unappealing Games logo—sold shamefully during the Games.

But now something strange is happening. Keyano is coming on like mood rings and jet ticks. "People who never thought of buying souvenirs during the Games suddenly want them for Christmas gifts," reports Dorothy Fairweather, who works at the Commonwealth Games Foundation. She passes on requests for souvenirs to Eric Telford, a souvenir wholesaler who opened a store in September to get rid of his surplus stock. Now he can't keep up to the demand. "Customers were in buying mode before we doubled prices," he says happily and Telford has placed a new (and already almost sold-out) order for more 1,000 charms, 2,000 spoons and 600 more glass-mounted stuffed Keyanos. ☐

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Render unto Canada...

© Samuel de Champlain. As a Canadian hero, the French explorer, writer and founder of Canada has been under-exploited: no TV mini-series, no new Canadian coins were (the Champlain of error alert) But Champlain has a true booster in Joe Armstrong—civil servant, nonprofit collector and born-again Canadian. Armstrong, who considers the explorer the "undiscovered, unexpunged champion of our race," has bought and brought home from the United States one of only 26 known copies of the book *Les Voyages*

de Samuel de Champlain *NAC*, a book that Armstrong calls "the most important document in Canadian history—a dynamic piece of Canadiana."

The book may well be a Canadian version of the Devil Sea. Says Rod Bradman, a private book dealer, "It's profusely illustrated and would rate as the cornerstone of any Canadiana collection." According to Les Warkentin of the Archives of Ontario, which is putting the book on display starting Nov. 15, "We're bringing it in as a celebrity item. It will add charisma to the show."

Collector Armstrong with his "celebrity" map: won't you come home, Champlain?

Meanwhile *Les Voyages*, insured for \$60,000 and purchased for more than \$20,000, has been tucked away in a bank vault.

The book covers Champlain's three voyages to Canada from 1604 to 1612. With its numerous drawings, maps and charts, most of them by Champlain himself, *Les Voyages* ranks as the explorer's most graphic work. But the real coup is a pair of large fold-out maps, one of which is the rare first state of the *Carte Geographique de la Nouvelle France*, which is depicted without the Ottawa River. All other known copies include the river, which may mean that Armstrong lacked onto the earliest edition.

Genealogy had nothing to do with Armstrong's fascination with Champlain; his father James was agent-general for Ontario and familiarly known as "Mr. Ontario." And he is not just a sunny prince investor (although the price of *Les Voyages* can only rise). Armstrong wants to share his find, and his enthusiasm. His hope is also that more Canadian private collectors will follow his lead, and complement the efforts of archives and other institutions. "I want to get this stuff out. I want Canadians to reverse their own country."

There has never been a problem putting Americans to rest in Canada. Armstrong's major goal now is to repatriate Champlain's famous autograph, a circular astronomical instrument dated 1603 and allegedly (sworn) for \$1 million, which belongs to the New York Historical Society—a fact that Armstrong finds "dunes insulting." Ashley Collie

After a hard day in the playpen

Atheist Death America's latest free mania: American (Duke) Mich (1988) etc. is fast becoming a religiously soft rock drink called Chelise. And, according to spokeswoman Joe Fink, up at the "atom club" who wants "a premium soft drink instead of a premium beer." Chelise, which comes in a sleek black bottle, is the real thing: pure, it is the best. We walked down street, and confided that a per cent alcohol—no amount too small to warrant state or local regulation, but just enough to give the pocket the richness of "baby beer" in the schoolyards of Richmond, Virginia.

where children have been buying the stuff in supermarkets. Some outraged parents and clergy see the whole thing as a brewer's bid for cradle-to-grave conformity in twenty-four-hour. Via the press, it is headed by the Virginia Nurses' Association, whose 3,000 members recently voted to condemn Chelise and to boycott it. Pastor David Young, a Seventh Day Adventist minister, took up the cry. "As a Christian nation, even at the 12th hour of this earth, we cannot allow it to slide further."

Atheist-Death denies that it is encouraging young people to drink, but the pastor doesn't care. "I don't see the amount of alcohol that makes it," he explains. "Selling Chelise is a story in the business selling his wife, I saw a pretty girl down at this grocery store, I brought her to her house—left and for her beer."

Catherine Fox



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No one lives here anymore

The raffle for Danny Apowlok's soapstone carvings tells the story of Sandstone, Manitoba's instant ghost town. The names of everyone who has lived in the community since it sprang up in 1976 were put in a drum and, as a prize attraction during the recent (bitter) celebration, seven were chosen to receive a carving by the local Native artist. Unfortunately, several of the winners weren't there for the draw.



They had already joined the great Sandstone exodus.

What with mineral exploitation and huge hydroelectric projects, northern Manitoba has produced a legend of new towns and villages in the last few years. In the case of Sandstone (named after a creek, not the cold), the berth seems to have been a trifling mistake. Some 500 miles north of Winnipeg and about 30 miles from Uman, the closest point of civilization, Sandstone has been built at a cost of \$16.5 million to house families working on Manitoba Hydro's Limestone generating station and Redbay converter station. \$1.5-billion projects approved in the heady days when power consumption was soaring by about eight per cent annually.

The first families moved in in 1996 and by last fall Sandstone had become an almost-bustling hive of 380 families, only 34 short of capacity. There's a six-classroom school, a shopping centre, a health centre and fire hall. Work was progressing on a recreation centre complete with curling rink, gymnasium, skating rink, bowling alley and a small movie house.

That was a year ago, just before the demand for power started spinning away. "The state of the economy is quickly reflected in power consumption," observes Manitoba Hydro spokesman Earl Mills. "Conservation is being urged by the media and the companies are doing it." So instead of eight per cent, demand growth is now down to about 3.6 per cent, and the Limestone generator isn't needed after all, at least for now. That, of course, means Sandstone isn't needed.

The community is down to about 60 families now and by next spring it will be in a state of suspended animation, its streets haunted only by a skeleton crew.

Beautiful downtown Sandstone: the town that energy conservation killed.

Worker staff protecting its barren charms from the ravages of vandalism and below-zero weather. Mills says Sandstone will be mothballed for at least five years unless electricity demand suddenly surges or major sales contracts—there are negotiations underway with Nebraska—are concluded.

But for now, as the moving vans come in and out, there's the depressing task of boarding up a community. "The closing of the town is affecting everyone, including the children," says the public-school principal, Mary Poir. Or "They have the attitude that they won't be here long anyway, so why worry about schoolwork." Besides, the weather hasn't helped people's last impressions of Sandstone. "I've been in this area for 11 years and it's the worst, coldest, wettest year I can recall," complains Joanne Terrell. "All people talk about is the rotten weather and the town's closing. Sandstone would be a more appropriate name."

Peter Carlyph-Gardner

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MOST OUTSTANDING PLAYER

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- 1978 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan
- 1979 Willie Gordon, Calgary
- 1980 Tom Wilkerson, Edmonton
- 1981 George McQuinn, Edmonton
- 1982 Gerry Hines, Hamilton
- 1983 Don Jones, Winnipeg
- 1984 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan
- 1985 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1986 Bill Searson, Toronto
- 1987 Peter Lasko, Calgary
- 1988 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1989 George Reed, Saskatchewan
- 1990 Louie Coleman, Calgary
- 1991 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1992 George Thibault, Montreal
- 1993 Bernie Fikowski, Hamilton
- 1994 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1995 Johnny Hughes, Edmonton
- 1996 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1997 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1998 Hal Patterson, Montreal
- 1999 Pat Morris, Montreal
- 2000 Sam Hickey, Montreal
- 2001 Billy Kneesh, Edmonton

MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

- 1963 Ray Kestler, B.C.
- 1964 John Baker, Calgary
- 1965 Wayne Barre, Calgary
- 1966 Wayne Barre, Calgary
- 1967 John LaGore, Edmonton
- 1968 Kim LaGore, Ottawa
- 1969 Ed McQuinn, Saskatchewan
- 1970 Wayne Barre, Calgary
- 1971 Wayne Barre, Calgary
- 1972 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1973 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1974 John Barrow, Hamilton
- 1975 Frank Barnes, Winnipeg
- 1976 Herb Gray, Winnipeg
- 1977 Roger Wallace, Edmonton
- 1978 Don Lutz, Calgary
- 1979 Keno Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1980 Keno Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1981 Ted Coulter, Montreal



MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

- 1977 Al Wilson, B.C.
- 1978 Don Taylor, Montreal
- 1979 Charlie Turner, Edmonton
- 1980 Ed Kneesh, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1977 Don Taylor, Edmonton
- 1978 Ed Kneesh, B.C.
- 1979 Ron Lutz, Toronto
- 1980 John Baker, Calgary

MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1977 Lewis Bagley, B.C.
- 1978 John Searre, B.C.
- 1979 Tom Cameron, Ottawa
- 1980 Sam Cusack, Toronto
- 1981 Johnny Rodgers, Montreal
- 1982 Chuck Kelly, Hamilton

MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1977 Tom Gebard, Ottawa
- 1978 Tony Gebard, Hamilton
- 1979 Ben Foley, Ottawa
- 1980 Tom Gebard, Ottawa
- 1981 Gerry Gyles, Ottawa
- 1982 Ben Young, B.C.
- 1983 Terry Evanson, Montreal
- 1984 Ben Young, B.C.
- 1985 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1986 Ken Searson, Winnipeg
- 1987 Terry Bradshaw, Calgary
- 1988 Zeno Karna, Hamilton
- 1989 Tommy Grant, Hamilton
- 1990 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1991 Harvey White, Calgary
- 1992 Tony Panchuk, Calgary
- 1993 Ron Stewart, Ottawa
- 1994 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1995 Ron Stewart, Ottawa
- 1996 Gerry James, Winnipeg
- 1997 Norm Kwong, Edmonton
- 1998 Norm Kwong, Edmonton
- 1999 Gerry James, Winnipeg

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Letters

A price for pricelessness

We would like to thank Maclean's for the article on our campaign to raise \$100,000 to restore the Emily Carr collection, *Carr's Art, Poverty's Sons Are Shining* (Oct. 5). While the insured value of the collection is a nominal thing, her works are irreplaceable and

only by a lucky bellhop. This is a tragedy, not to say the least, but because the fellow is a bellhop, and working for a living, badly makes him lucky I am not a bellhop, but I certainly disagree with that type of remark.

JOHN C. KUBRMAN, STONEYBROOK

Through a glass selectively

In Peter Newman's editorial *Our Cop Should Stop Moving* (Oct. 1), he concludes that the police should enforce and obey the law, not try to make them. Earlier on, however, he complains because the police are diligently enforcing and obeying the law against using cameras. Thus, in his view, this law no longer reflects prevailing custom or moral values, he implies the police should look the other way when they see it broken. But then he goes on to catalogue the police for trying to revive capital punishment, even though one of your writers reports that 68 per cent of all Canadians favour its renewal in *Law and Order on the March* (Oct. 10). I can only conclude from this logical nightmare that Newman wants the police to ignore the laws he dislikes, and enforce and obey the ones he favors.

JOE CAMPBELL, BARKATON, ALABAMA



Carr's police estimate \$5.5 million

therefore priceless. It is in fact insured for \$5.5 million and not \$53 million as published in your story.

DOUGLASS MITCHELL,
INFORMATION OFFICER,
VANCOUVER ART GALLERY, VANCOUVER

A Pinocchio problem

Colonel Samuel Colt's Brühlagungian Battleline Special revolver (longest known barrel: 16 inches) taken to a dagger is the face of your remarkable American in *On Canada, Still Not Up* (Pioneer, Oct. 10) that weapons restricted in Canada have handguns and semi-automatic rifles with barrels of less than 18 inches. Please chop it back to the correct length of 18 inches.

MORGAN EVANS, TORONTO

Stoop labor of love

In your story on Lena Minelli (Pioneer, Oct. 2) you state that she made "her way to that \$100-a-day villa accompanied

only by a lowly bellhop." This is a tragedy, not to say the least, but because the fellow is a bellhop, and working for a living, badly makes him lucky I am not a bellhop, but I certainly disagree with that type of remark.

JOHN C. KUBRMAN, STONEYBROOK
RONALD ANTON MACDONALD, B.A. L.B.
ANTHONY, N.S.

I think Peter Newman should think again if he ever writes another article on our cops. Their job is a tough one, and is getting tougher all the time. There is nothing wrong with asking for more protection for their lives, namely the restoration of capital punishment.

MAX RANDALL, EDGE AVE. N.W.D.

Remembering the main

We object to Maclean's referring to the two doors very capable foot-builders and designers in Nova Scotia as "mere builders," in *Yes, They Do Make Them* (Sept. 20). Furthermore, your reference to \$1-million boats is grossly exaggerated.

BLAIR L. STENSON,
HERBERT D. STENSON LTD.,
DANFORTH, N.S.

Blue from sea to sea?

I was glad to read your article, *Law and Order on the March* (Oct. 5). During the past five years, I have viewed with alarm the increasing power of the police lobby. It seems obvious that the greater this power becomes, the closer we come to creating a police state.

Y. M. LUTHEAN, CALGARY

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Laughing in the dark

You have once again managed to breathe life into something I thought had died, the "Newly Jokes" in your article, *But Will This Stop All Those Married Jokes?* (Sept. 16). The article an anecdote in Newfoundland was well written, but you could not resist the joke in the title and the curious. My first reaction was one of anger. I have spent several years in Canada and I was forced to submit to recycled Polish jokes. Eventually I came to recognize the true reason for those attacks of Canada are against Newfoundlanders. It is all rooted in the basic insecurity, the lack of maturity, and general degenerated envy of the rest of Canada for



Newfoundlanders. You have long been confounded by the fact that we know who we are, and you still grope in the darkness. In Newfoundland, we say we are Newfoundlanders. That one magic word contains a whole world of feelings, memories, and history.

JAMES C. BUTLER
 STEPHENSVILLE CROSSING, Nfld.

Women's Lip sealed

After reading the column about current sexual attitudes, *The Tryptophan is Great, Sometimes, to Live Up with the "Sexual Oppressors"* (Sept. 31), I hope that you will give a feminist a full page to respond to *Mordant: Bachelor/Cat: Reinwood*. I restrain myself from epigrams. Often, your writing is terrific, but — again, I restrain myself.

LOUISE THOMPSON, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Citizenette Hearst

I was pleased to see your item on Patricia Hearst (People, Sept. 28). Many Canadians, from all parts of the country, are supporting the Committee for the Release of Patricia Hearst out of a

deep personal concern and sympathy for Hearst, as well as out of an overriding belief in equality of justice for all.
 MELISSA HAYES, CANADIAN DELEGATE
 COMMITTEE FOR THE RELEASE
 OF PATRICIA HEARST, OTTAWA

The found chord

Barbara Amos's column, *How to Live with Cats in the Arts* (Oct. 30), certainly strikes a true chord with me.

As Canada and the world face economic realities, people are forced to take a hard, pragmatic view of life. Unfortunately, to many, this means ignoring interesting dimensions, such as the arts. As an artist, I feel that it is important to reach as wide an audience as possible, and keep my dignity intact, without becoming a hack. I have the utmost confidence that people, when exposed to good art, will respond.

NOV THOMAS DELINQUENT, OTT



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Royal pain in the mouth

Please ask Medieval Bitcher where he gets the statistics that the local dentist receives \$50,000 a year, quoted in his column *So You Would Become a Mayor*, Page, eh? . . . (Oct 20 I am loathe to move to Ontario, or other parts of Eastern Canada, but I could be induced to do so for such an income—or is Bitcher quoting the Canadian average? Regardless, his statement is innocent, irresponsible, and offensive, depending on which foot takes him seriously.

DR. M. R. JAVETT, REMONITOR

with grass, then calmly regurgitate it and eat it all over again? Or perhaps we



Or would you rather be a shark?

should excise the shark, who gets into such a frenzy when feeding that it would even eat itself, if it could

somehow get it in its own way. Humans have been eating three meals a day (when they could get them) for centuries, so presumably it is nature's way with us. People who eat nervously and too much at their three-a-day will snack nervously and too much. Most obese people snack and eat their regular meals. A little self-discipline is, as usual, the best way. Or, as the song says, would you rather be a pig?

ROBERT HOGAN, TORONTO

Too few jolly jumpers

I feel Peggy Gallant is entitled for her vibrant performance in your article, *Thursday Night Fever* (Sept. 18). With American programs dominating Canadian networks, it appears that the only way for Canadians to get any recognition is to make themselves heard, and that is exactly what Gallant is doing. When I listen to Ross Steward and other overrated Canadian performers, I'm surprised the television viewing audience isn't jumping for joy that this vital performer is trying to break away from the talent-suppressing bonds of the television industry.

TIM FORT, BARRY'S BAY, ONT.

Dinking your way to health

After reading your article, *Diet While Napping*, *Just Out of the Mouth* (Oct. 2), I wonder after which wild animals we are to pattern our eating habits, to nibble our way to health. The lion, who gorges himself on zebras or gazels, does go to sleep for up to a week? The lion counter-swallowing a whole pig and digesting it at sleep [leaves] Gorging animals who must ingest grass all day long to get enough nourishment for their size? Or those of the hyena persuasion who fill the first of their four stomachs

Good mornings from CKFH/1430.



Howard Cooney
Sam & Sam News



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Preview

November 6, 1970

Hail, hail, the gang's here

Remember *Blackboard Jungle* and *Wild in the Streets*? Well, it looks as though Hollywood is about to begin re-mythologizing the rowdy youths who were born to be wild. In an all-out assault, a wave of juvenile delinquent movies is taking shape for 1973, focusing on street gangs in Los Angeles and New York. Seven films are currently in production and a television movie, which relies primarily on gang members for its stars, is also under way. No doubt the producers of *Gangs* got some irresistible footage last summer, when their real-life extras started scrapping with rival gangsters who showed up on the set. Results of that shoot two were shot.

Lifting a hitch

When an estimated 6,000 disabled delegates from 54 countries arrive at Winnipeg's International Airport for the 1980 World Congress of Rehabilitation International, they'll be in for a rude awakening, not to mention a rough ride. The delegates, who, incidentally, will be discussing ways of improving conditions for the handicapped, will find that the airport isn't equipped to handle wheelchair users. For one thing, the escalators aren't large enough to transport wheelchairs from the second to the main floor of the terminal. When

Robert Ruffey, director of the communication for the U.S. President's Committee on Employment for the Handicapped, landed in Winnipeg recently to check the facilities, he was shocked. So was a baffled Ruffey. "This will be an embarrassment." This sent local conference organizers flying to discover alternate ways of accommodating their guests.

One possible solution is the use of forklift trucks.



Ahoy little boy

It's called Operation Drake and it's not your everyday pleasure cruise. The 150-ton British brigantine won't be equipped with a bar or a dance floor, but chances are the passengers will be too tired from crewing to take advantage of the amenities anyway. However, during the coming year, 25 Young Explorers from Canada (aged 17 to 24) will take part in Operation Drake, spending three-month stints aboard Eye of the Wind in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of Sir Francis Drake's circumnavigation of the globe.

Cost of crew? The seven gangsters carry along the ready

hitchers intend, will be divided into nine three-month phases. This is so as to allow 216 young crewmen from all parts of the Commonwealth to take part in the voyage. Under the vigilant gaze of nine staff, the kids will help with marine research, navigation and all other aspects of seamanship. We trust this does not include mutiny.

News

Cover Story

20

Fighting back

"It shatters minds that turn the head punch darkly with evidence," says the scene for Ray McGeoghan's action study of Gang Petitioner's tough, controversial and tumor-ridden Special Forces Police. Investigation confirms reports of an undercover training unit by a squad from Britain's mysterious Special Air Service—known to kill, commandos operating against the evil—but this only adds troubling question marks about the unit's own self-underlined role. Along with this aggressive spirit of the star Canada's Armed Forces are taken back from Ottawa's 54 billion retreating program, and warning to the irrepressible enthusiasm of Defense Minister Barney Dennis—allegedly well used in the federal cabinet.



Canadian News 27

An agonizing week in the post office ends in a bitter victory in Parliament and the people, and after a brief but intense period, two days of legal battles for ex-convict Leni Gagliardi. The case may be a landmark against in Canada, a challenge against the Terrorism and Crime Act passed in the New Brunswick election.

World 32

Egypt's President Sadat and Israel's Prime Minister Begin get a surprise when the peace talks have the Nobel Committee. Successful International President Willy Brandt. In November this week, talks in Brussels. Washington, D.C. (The Middle East) breaks down the truth about a legend in the deep South, and a Spanish politician is accused of making a bid for the top of the state.

Business 46

How McLaughlin's trust for electrical business will be understood. General good for the firm with Geth Grubbsky. New point law on trip to the city. Gay Canadian investment dollars head south.

The armed forces: in from the cold

By Roy MacGregor

Traditional Canadian complacency, the open society, and a feeling generated by the geography that "it never happens here," help to create the troubled nation in which the revolutionary did not even and people—British Institute for the Study of Conflict, September, 1978.

infantry came over to kill you?" Only then is there silence, as the questions rise and are lost in the hazy clouds.

Thus sky will clear in the days to come, but a cloud of suspicion continues to linger over the 3,500-member Special Service Force. Its duties may be as simple as a girl's problem—the Prepared—but the ending runs in somewhat more sinister than leading colors. Formed



Swallows scatter down across the October quilt of the Petawawa plain and on toward the river and Quebec, where the far left ghost into rain cloud. In air as close as embraces the soldiers of the Canadian Special Service Force in the reactivated Armed Forces walk for the beginning of what they call "operation time"—a mild, amusing moniker that turns the land patchwork with explosion. When it is over a man's voice rises rapidly from the loud-speaker, quivering but no less disturbing: "Would you be dead? Would you be critically injured? Would you have the guts to stand up and fight like a man as you

Special Service Force troops (including Private Dan Fleming, upper right) on maneuvers at Petawawa. "Would you have the guts to fight like a man?"

last year by combining a number of crack Petawawa units with the elite Canadian Airborne Regiment, which was transferred under much controversy from Edmonton, the unit's lack of any specific task has led to continuing rumors concerning the military and the possible separation of Quebec. Though the force was planned for more than a decade, its inappropriate announcement—just two weeks after the 1978



Parti Québécois victory—and opportunities located directly across the river from Quebec have given rise to questions that are also without answers. And it is this lack of a "defined role" more than anything else that has Defence Minister Blaney Duncan questioning a specific NATO task last week, which incidentally may be a detailed NATO commitment to the defense of Norway.

But that will hardly stop the rumors. There will still be those who wonder why the force has 2,000 pairs of band-aids and 17,000 gas masks despite the fact that no Canadian soldier has come under gas attack since 1918. And further questions will arise over months when the first of some 50 special armored vehicles arrives in the Petawawa base—vehicles that are nearly identical to those used by the West German police and others for riot control. Such items are discussed as basic equipment by the defence department, but Conservative defence critic Allan Rockwood has said they "fit better into the needs of unstable banana republics" than those of Canada. It would have been worse had the previous chief of defence staff, General Jacques Desrues, had his way and located the 350 French-speaking air commandos in Ottawa. Fortunately, Duncan fought that decision and won—"I don't want to turn the place into an armed camp," he says—otherwise the capital city, which still discourages military uniforms on Friday shopping day, would have been shackled with camouflaged jungle jackets, old high-top boots and moustache belts—the trademark of the toughest soldiers in the Armed Forces.

The most startling air story, however, has remained a secret since the early hours of July 3, 1978, when a plane loaded with British commandos—estimated to be 100—was shot down 100 miles out of Petawawa. Fully 100 months earlier, also in the dead of night, the same commandos had come into the country. And their secret presence here might never have become known but for the one part of the soldiers' equipment that was out of action over those eight weeks. On July 3, the commandos took over a cottage on Petawawa Point where they invited several women they had met at the isolated Hotel Pontiac. Alarmed and high hopes naturally led to bragging, and the soldiers thoughtlessly let it slip that they were members of the mysterious British unit—a fact confirmed to Meekins last week by the department of national defence.

There are a number of small similarities between the British Special Air Service and the Canadian SAS: their undefined roles (jeansy berets, symbol is winged dagger) and even motto—the Canadian "Let us dare" and the British

"Who Dares, Wins" But the Canadians are, as one officer put it, merely "lateral barge" security when compared to the crews of the British Army. So secretive is the SAS that it is not even known how many members there are, though estimates range up to around 700. Photographing them is forbidden even for the official military magazines and the British ministry of defense attitude toward them is simply, "We don't mention them—ever."

However, the SAS is known to operate extensively in Northern Ireland where they paralyze at night in small groups and work undercover to disrupt the Irish Republican Army. How they actually operate is guesswork—our sources told *Maclean's* London bureau that being a member is "instructively a lie—open to kill"—but their effectiveness is evident. Since their arrival in 1970 their deaths and bombings are down from 170 in the first six months of 1976 to 40 in the first six months of 1978.

Obviously, the SAS is at war with civil war and further intrusions to the SAS visit to Canada. The only comparable force to the SAS, the United States Rangers, was also quietly here this year in January when some 170 of them trained with the Special Service Force, and more Rangers apparently are due back next January and February.

For those who find all such information, there is a virtual bank of paranoia around The September report from London's Institute for the Study of Conflict was prepared by Major-General Rowland Mann, who happened to spend three years with the National Defence College in Kingston, Ontario, and it warns with utter clarity of the risks inherent in a disarmed Canada. "Just how long the United States will be prepared to stand idly by if the situation worsens would be a matter of some judgment," Mann says. Closer to home, the former director-general of the CMC Security Service, John Starnes, wrote in a 1977 issue of the British magazine, *Sunday Times*, that "Canada's external situation is such that, for the first time since NATO was formed, there is now a potential threat to the security of the North American heartland." There have also been two passing federal appointments to Sir Michael Gaultier, former Canadian ambassador to the United States, to advise the RCMP on domestic and international security, and Robin Black, who has spent the past three years awarded to the department of national defence as its newly created post of deputy undersecretary of state for security and intelligence in the department of external affairs, which some claim is the beginnings of a new super-secret security force.

Such concern with the internal workings of the country may pre-date both

the Parti Québécois victory and the 1970 October Crisis. Two years ago this week, in response to a Queen's University student's question on NATO, newly elected Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau said "I happen to believe that in a very real sense civilization and culture in North America are more in need of internal discipline than by external pressure." Trudeau emphasized he did not believe the turmoil would be caused by separatism, but he did encourage a North America with "large confederations and large distributions of end order."

No one has dared suggest the military has actual plans for the invasion of Quebec, but what has been suggested is the real purpose of the Special Service Force, which hardly sets out and breaks down a full, inseparable command post as maneuvers an average of once

to know where's going on." Conveying the actual activities of the British SAS in Canada, Brigadier-General Christie says, "We had very little to do with them." One senior officer who was there, however, argues that realistically were "very friendly indeed. We were training with them and treating them, too." Very little concrete information is offered concerning the

Bigger bucks bigger bangs

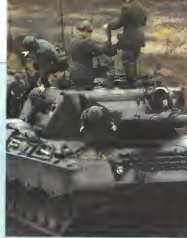
One testing moment of the recent taxpayer reduction at Prime Minister's 1978, it is no longer a case of "big bang" for the annual bang of the shell.



one major job it, when the two sides of expenditure died down, there was considerable talk of the Prime Minister to reject only a couple of billions. Three shales close. In the new Tax-and-savings can added up to a \$27,000 increase that caused even the cabinet long-term figures present.

The total cost of rebuilding the regular Canadian Armed Forces has been set at more than \$4 billion a figure which makes the 1971 white paper on defence seem nothing more than a prelude joke. The defence minister at the time, Donald Macdonald, talked of letting Canada's NATO commitments lapse to let a new policy and even keeping the Canadian task—long the symbol of our military equality—coughing for a low more involved years.

In the seven years since, however, a hell of a lot has happened. The United States and a full NATO link from the European Economic Community have pushed Canada into a spending spree intended to show the Warsaw Pact that we have more than hockey sticks to slap them with. On Nov. 27, 1975, Macdonald's successor James



Macdonald told the House of Commons that spending would be more modestly and big-lyrically to 1980 when capital expenditure would reach an impressive 20 per cent of the total defence budget. And estimating next year's budget at \$4.25 billion that 20 per cent would seem to amount to a lengthy Christmas stocking.

To date, Canada is committed to buying 150-160 Aurora-class guided missile frigates for \$1.1 billion. 120 German-made Leopard tanks for \$187 million up to 150 new jet fighters for \$2.34 billion. 350 general-purpose armoured vehicles for \$171 million to 400 light trucks (not uncertain) and new major equipment, guns and armored vehicles which are part of a continuing update of basic equipment. As well, the latest were to increase by 4,700 to a predicted level of approximately 82,000.

Naturally there were dissenters—some within cabinet—who believed the government's \$2.5-billion restraint program could have been handled in one fell swoop by simply buying about the new jet fighters when the funds were allocated however it was specifically stated that the purchasing program would be affected and defence was left off fairly early with a cut of \$560 million. It is difficult to assess what

the real mean in the end—possibly little more than such uncertainties as lighter total paper.

That is not to suggest there are no compromises. The very-known as Minister Gaultier since the conflict days of Paul Hellyer—a still-widely-known with short-haircut says to stress this. And some of the intended purchases are already in the air. The procurement of four jet fighter combat, for example, was the made and going, by which time inflation and the sorry state of the Canadian dollar will surely bring down a number of the prices before they even get lower clearance. The shipbuilding program a man named to be already behind schedule. And, despite what is actually being spent the slow-down and budget cuts have meant Canada will be unable to live up to all spring promises to NATO that we will show an annual real increase of three per cent a year—something which Minister the Department of defence said, says the Liberals, make promises and then take full credit—as if they've already accomplished them.

McMahon, of course, his promise of his own Joe Clark moves into power the Conservatives might consider demanding reduction.

SAS stay here—and numerous Macdonald's cuts to a specific unit soldier, who left his number with a *Maclean's* reporter, failed—just it is believed the British commandos were testing a Bombardier-manufactured cross-country motorcycle, a vehicle in Alberta, under some tactical tests. Post-Prime in Southern Ontario, Ontario and in both Edmonton and in an isolated area of

If that were to come about, involve would lower rather than merely as it has been doing. Their freedom and upsurge in the late 80s could cause the very. This, the Canadian soldiers of today are not. It is revealing Kitchener stocks and cave park again from a level of popularity. With the great action back in battle, applicants are on the rise. But the selling military has much to do with it. As for recruitment, a recently released Quebec, an admirable bilingual program has raised the attractiveness of life in the Armed Forces. As of October, a remarkable 51.9 per cent of Canadian officers were officially bilingual (23 per cent of the regular army and 56 per cent of the noncommissioned), a figure which is roughly half twice the national average.

Also, whether or not the Canadian soldier in the Defence Minister Brian Mulroney claims "the best in the world," he is at least one of the best paid. A recent news outlet might have thought he was not well educated (grade 10) by being making \$205 a month and having the privilege of being paid for 40 cents a bottle during holiday hours. 50 cents was otherwise. The best paid provides with a 1978 6-month corporate can make up to \$1,539 a month, explains up to \$2,280 a month, explains up to \$3,058 and presents up to the sky and beyond. Of the \$4 billion plan defence budget, a chunky 60 per cent goes into personnel.

As for the other expenses—the tanks and jets and \$2,000 shells for the Tow gun—it is difficult to say when or if they will settle down. The public mood is negatively affected in a job. Dutton recently conducted in his own camp near Toronto, is the best lightning bolt of national, a new 17 per cent thought too much was being spent. Spending was put at the right level though 34 per cent and a surprising 38 per cent urged Dutton to spend more, none of these figures are in the air.

Those are indeed interesting times we live in. The federal government has decided that Canada cannot afford to spend a planned \$2.5 billion on health and medical research, but Ottawa can and will spend the same amount. The Department of defence is spending \$2,000 crore in the last couple of years, but it is still to stand by if it were they're needed. The Special Service Force's commander Brigadier-General Andrew Christie, clearly knows his audience when he says "The Canadian taxpayer is getting a bargain."

By Macdonald

A happy warrior with a little luck

Just about the worst that can be said of Harry Denslow has already been said. On the night of the 1924 federal election, Stephen Denslow—the "magnificent" son of General Denslow who had cost \$135,729 keeping a losing campaign to knock Denslow out of his Ontario York North riding—stood up to congratulate why some candidates get called "green-eyed devils" and others do not. His opponent, however, was a desperate burner who—so far as a blurb—and you can quote me on that.

Two years later, Denslow became Ontario premier with the least contest of a generally unpopular former captain. After two years as minister for urban affairs and the last two as defence minister, the 57-year-old self-made millionaire—continuing to bring collections out of a balcony into a normal residential residence—is widely admired, and probably quite capable of beating Stephen Denslow yet again for the third fall-out of three.

When he was appointed to the defence portfolio in November of 1979, Denslow was widely thought to have been called as the only person who knew the inside of the defence establishment. Since then, however, he has made his own name as a man who has taken the federal cabinet as a classical museum, who is capable, within a few weeks, of expanding the Whittaker Chambers myth, of getting the nuclear bomb to the Soviet Union, and then adding that Soviet policy is to impose its political philosophy by force. For the first suggestion, he was necessarily wrong; in Canada, this second war was waged over not costs by Tass, the Soviet news agency.

Denslow's statements range from profound to banal. About his penchant for the "inspiration" he has said: "We have made the mistake of turning a Canadian opportunity into a Canadian problem. But he wrote to the company that said his job was to look and asked: "Do they get sleep? If not, why become passive or bolder?"

Behind the easy grin, he does not appear to be an ideal politician, who was once called "dangerous" by an officer who feared the Armed Forces might actually get to like him too much, something that is generally not true. Through such acts as purchasing military services as a strategic factor, the "Klein" program for youth, buying orders of beer for noncommissioned officers and telling his wife to assign a partner to his cabin at the Atlantic City's Ritz-Carlton, Denslow has become the most regular defence minister since Lou Gehrig in the late 40s.

A grade 11 dropout, Denslow is down to earth, never has required little and loved most of the arguments have been made as

in the case of his writing the military plan to base a commando unit in Ottawa. The war "moment" was undoubtedly the first year when his company studied the plan of the unit and was created for the "big" service by Colonel Jacques Pencho. The commander of the cocky Canadian Airborne Regiment, it became a trip for Denslow, he had to have Pencho removed, but it was to be for the Special Service Force, to lead them off. Denslow says that he was really angry, I



Denslow in his cabinet with a war.

concern of all my troops, but he does not. Perhaps I expressed myself rather badly. For what the Airborne will longer be.

But most of all, generally, he has Denslow, after all, a soldier himself, a lieutenant in the Queen's Own Rifles who had his first war and four of his best friends in the 1944 Allied campaign of Normandy. He has also been defence minister a position he spent, called a "real" campaign here, James Richardson, an unpopular minister who could live with the military, something that had logical about a cabinet, and before Richardson resigned over language rights, he was in motion to buy every spending scheme that is currently being put by the Denslow cabinet.

And no one is more aware of this great good fortune than the eternal optimist himself. "There was a certain selling to be made," Denslow admits. And then he went down as the brilliant general, a self-declared. He living was pretty good.

Ray MacGregor

Ontario. Bill Denslow, who leaves the out-of-the-way, 600-acre Bonaventure Airport near Killarney from the federal ministry of transport, received a call this spring that the military would be making some use of his facilities. "We never saw them," says Denslow, who was seldom around the airport for the next part, but as an officer in the Canadian force claims the war were involved in free-fall jumping.

"Though the Canadian 501 is described as an 'airportable, undroppable' force, it is wrong to say the Canadian 501 was modelled on the British 501. When General Denslow created the Special Service Force in Petawawa—initially he had set up a staff of defence and—he was serving a mission that went back to the last World War when the first Special Service Force, a joint U.S.-Canadian force known as The Devil's Brigade, performed so well in Europe. There was never any stated intention that the force would concern itself with internal security, but there were clear hints in the government's 1971 white paper, *Defence in the 70s*, that Canada was becoming less concerned with NATO and far more introspective. The white paper spoke of 'the threat to society posed by violent revolutionaries' and the necessity of being able to cope effectively with any future threat to domestic, international and national as weapons of political action."

The key to the force, Denslow believes, would be in moving the Canadian Airborne Regiment from Petawawa, and then adding a third commando unit to the Airborne by bringing the Third Mechanized Commando back from Europe. Defence headquarters was also, and great, present, to get the Airborne out of Edmonton but it was unable, thanks to finance, to put an armed commando in Ottawa. As for the Third Mechanized Commando, it did leave Europe but it has never arrived, having been quietly absorbed into other regiments that needed men. It was this loss of a full commando, sources claim, that helped Colonel Jacques Pouchard, commander of the Airborne, the most. His subunit in July that Denslow should resign for engineering there was no reason for extra troops in the force was surely the last straw.

The removal of Pouchard, which followed was a severe blow to the Airborne. Not only was it impossible for the huge Hercules aircraft, which generally carry troops such as the Airborne, to land at Petawawa, but the regiment found there were no ramp facilities at the base. When they did parachute, they had to travel by bus to Trenton (the base was away), and then later had to send their parachute to the way back to Edmonton for repairs.



CF-104 fighter (above) and HMC-3's development program (below) during high-speed turn good for training busy troops.

ing Denslow himself later admitted the Airborne, as a proper Airborne, would be "less effective" in Petawawa. There were also a number of more local problems: lights in Petawawa, a matter due from wood shavings (possibly a forest lake, however, now under investigation by provincial authorities.

He had spent in the Royal Service Force, a not classified as a Brigadier-General Christie, who is bilingual, dismisses this by saying, "He can communicate with his soldiers and they can with him—that's bilingualism." Still, the franchise half of the volunteer Airborne is some 80 men short of its full complement of 300. And though Christie has worked hard to attract more French-speaking soldiers to Petawawa—including spending \$100,000 a year on a French school—they are slow to come.

Still, if morale is down in that one area, it is significantly up in the Armed Forces as a whole, thanks to the current \$4-billion spending spree. As Admiral Robert Foulis, the new chief of defence staff, has put it, the forces even as "train" results with "bromeliads instead of rifles," and the department of national defence—presumably under pressure from the European Economic Community, who will buy Canadian goods in exchange for a larger Canadian commitment to NATO—is making sure the bromeliads are replaced.

A revised military, in such troubled times, however, presents worry to a number of people. Is a defence committee meeting on March 10, 1977, General Denslow—man who was in the 501—was being quoted by Edmonton Member of Parliament Steve Paquette as the Airborne's move to Petawawa. "Does the general outline the possibility of a separatist Quebec as one of the challenges to our sovereignty?" Paquette asked. General Denslow, somewhat stilled at the question, seemed almost apologetic. "Inasmuch as the military is concerned... one should not ask any questions on their loyalty at all. I have their loyalty."

There was a moment during the 501's recent two-day Exercise Maple Warrior that was more, but as training as the mad moment of "mexican time." At break on the first day, one of the visiting officers, Brigadier-General Claude Picher (Killer Kike, from the Royal Military College in Kingston) was handed a martini, and a live chicken was produced from a cook's pot. Then, to the cheer of 300 Canadian military college students, Kike, tipped off the head with a single swipe, leaving the body to stagger pathetically in the spray of its own blood until it fell. The fall was traditional, supposedly to remind the officers that they must be prepared to find their own food during extreme circumstances, but the "entertainment" as part of the act—and not just a chicken was cooking birds. 20 birds a year—was as unnecessary, this year as it had been the year before, when a woman killed a rabbit. Chilling in that such a scene the appearance of the non-military mind.

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Canadian News

Parliament 1, CUPW 0—the letter of the law prevails

For an amazing week, as the whole country watched, the rule of law and the rights of labor were in direct conflict while the federal government and the Canadian Union of Postal Workers squared it out. When the union went on strike, the government introduced a bill ordering its members back to work. But they stayed on strike. When the union maintained picket lines around postal stations across the country, the government sought injunctions against them. But they kept on picketing. Only when the government threatened to fine each and every striking worker did the union surrender. After striking for nine days—the last seven illegally—the union ordered its members back to work just before the government deadline. Canadian union president Jean-Claude Parrot: "We have no other choice."

For Parrot and his colleagues on the union executive, the last few hours before the surrender were crisscrossed with activity as they tried desperately to salvage a deteriorating situation. Shunned by Postmaster-General Gilles Lacasse (some's threat to fire striking workers, their first response, on the morning of the last day, was to call meetings of the union locals for that afternoon. But some locals had already met and decided on their own to go back to work. By lunch hour, about one-third of the inside workers were back on the job. Paying for time, the union executive



Winner: Jean-Claude Parrot and Toronto workers' valuable lessons from a humbling defeat

tried to secure negotiations with the government, taking the unusual step of using former labor minister John Manors as an intermediary. Manors presented André Ouellet, the acting labor minister, with a list of union demands, including the reinstatement of Montreal postal workers who had been fired for disciplinary reasons, and the establishment of a new grievance procedure whereby suspended employees would remain on the job until their case had

been heard by an arbitrator. But the government was in no mood to negotiate.

Parrot revealed that afternoon when the union raided the union's headquarters in Ottawa and its local offices across the country to gather evidence to prosecute the leaders of the strike. Parrot and four others were charged with violating the back-to-work bill passed by Parliament, and face up to two years in jail.

While the Mounties were still searching through the union's files at the Ottawa office, Parrot and his executive drove across town to the headquarters of the Canadian Labor Congress, whose 30-member executive council was meeting to discuss the postal situation. The CLC, representing most of the country's big unions, was their last chance. In a brief appearance before the executive council, Parrot stated the case of the postal workers and asked for help. "They wanted support on more than just words," says one insider. "The implication was that there was a general strike." They were politely rebuffed.

Isolated and discouraged, Parrot and his executive returned to their own offices to begin informing their members the strike was off. But for the five-man national executive, there was a final realization to come. The following day he appeared before the Ontario Supreme Court to face charges of violating the back-to-work bill. Mr. Justice D.F.



For now there is only Haggott's claim—cut off by government lawyer Joe Nuss—that "the question of separation" *Shirley and McLeod are two persons* Caplan of Montreal, and Donald Richard, Toronto.

On one other key matter, there is total disagreement between the government and its own police force—the arrest entry at offices of the Agence de Presse Libre de Québec just before the 1972 election. Goye has said in the Commons that he was not informed in



Robert Lewis

100

A prize yet to be grasped

The Nobel Committee offered the carrot like a farmer with a stubborn steer in the tines. In choosing Egyptian President Anwar Sadat and Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin as this year's winners, its stated purpose was to "encourage further efforts" in post-Camp David diplomacy. The gesture could not have been more timely. Yet another hawk was threatening in the peace process as the announcement was made—once more on the West Bank since November, the Nobel adjudicators recognized what—until Sadat's historic trip to Jerusalem Nov. 19 last year—had seemed highly unlikely: that Arab and Jew could sit down at a peace table and maybe go on to accept a peace pact—together.

Before Sadat's Jerusalem journey neither he nor his fellow laureate could really have been described as men of peace. Sadat, born in a small village on the Nile delta in 1918, was of a new generation of patriot-philosophers, eager to fight off the British colonizers. In the shadow of the Inca (Gandhi) about Nasser, he helped do just that, and at Nasser's death in 1970 he inherited a troubled police state that rode opponents hard and pushed society primly. There was none of the hot-glove touch about the way Sadat suppressed a domestic coup in 1971 and organized the Arab states for war in 1973, restoring their self-respect, shattered in the 1967 defeat.

Begin, 85, plays the small-town lawyer to Sadat's philosopher. He grew up in an orthodox Polish farming town but broke with his faith to join the Zionist Revisionist Movement, it was a short step to the dominant, underground group, Irgun, which he took over soon after his arrival

in Israel in 1942. Preaching bibles and guns—although he never carried a gun—Begin sought to regenerate the demoralized Jews of the yoke (exile) by turning him into the "fighting Jew," a new specimen of human being unknown

apparently and in 1977, head of 59 years of socialist rule, the country turned to the dapper little man with the curly Old World mustache and steady determination. Friends say Begin desires nothing so much as to live on terms of "perfect equality" with his Arab neighbors, but it is an Orwellian kind of equality. "Of course the Arabs have rights, but our rights are far more urgent," said. Our needs override theirs," he says.

It is precisely such sentiments that have threatened to sever the historic truce since which Jewish lamps to the throats of millions last winter. After the immediate explosion of that event, negotiations in Egypt first stalled, then stalled and through spring and summer, proposals and counter-proposals were rejected, in increasingly rude language. By August, Sadat was under tremendous pressure from his army, government, and Arab allies to get results—or get ready to fight, and in the Camp David cliffhanger, agreement only came with both sides' bags packed and ready at the door.

The ink was hardly dry on the two "frameworks" agreed to there—one for a Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty, the other for "negotiations" of the West Bank question—when Begin was declaiming, "There is not, and will not be under any conditions or in any circumstances, a Palestinian state" on the West Bank. This question has continued to haunt the latest round of treaty talks in Washington that if the

Nobel committee appears to have jumped the gun, its "hope" may yet be borne out. Begin played Sadat to congratulate him, and in another call, to President Jimmy Carter. Sadat agreed to keep the talks going. But as Begin said: "The real peace is peace itself."

Michael Chaglos



Sadat (left) and Begin laureates. Model gesture was paid in time.

for over 1,200 years." How well he succeeded, the British and Arab world treaty.

After the establishment of the state of Israel in 1948, Begin led the rightist



Zambia

The odds don't count when Kaunda's dealing

As friends are great optimists, Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda seems to be a little friend. "We have gloom and pessimism—that is why a humanitarian outlook sounds well with our temperament." A lively thought to linger over on a stroll beneath the massive ginkgo blossoms in Lusaka last week, the 44th anniversary of Zambia's independence from Britain. But it was a thought easily hatched by the gloom that starts from the food queues in busy Cuero Road and by the distantly pessimistic comments to be heard on every radio about Zambia's economic and political future.

It is not just Kaunda's admission of what the Rhodesian war force recently demonstrated—that the country cannot defend itself against armed violence from abroad—that is causing the trouble. Nor is it the icy relations between Kaunda and Zambia's "man who came to dinner," eviled Rhodesian leader Joshua Nkomo and his menacing band of guerrillas. They are believed to have blown up a supply train en route their last camp last week. At the root of the pessimism are very real doubts about the ability of Kaunda himself to apply his own political philosophy—"harmony through socialism."

These doubts are now focused on Kaunda's attempt to secure another five-year term at the presidential elections on Dec. 18. All he has to do to persuade more than 56 per cent of his voters is to turn out to vote for him. Despite his recent difficulties, his chances of success seem good given that he will have to opponents that the United National Independence Party (UNIP)—the country's only legal political movement—is campaigning nervously for a "yes" vote, and that voters not known to be Kaunda supporters will be discouraged from leaving their homes on polling day. Furthermore, on Zambia's first general elections in 1964—when the country still operated along traditional Western democratic

lines—94 per cent turned out to vote Kaunda and his followers into power.

Yet in 1973, under a new system that limited voters' options on the presidency to acceptance or rejection of one candidate, the turnout was only 29.6 per cent, with seven voters saying "yes" to Kaunda for every one who said "no." The prospect of a significant increase in the '80 vote this time has officials in a dither in the point where Kaunda's prime minister, Daniel Banda, recently warned that the party might have to do away with elections if the turnout doesn't improve, but it is accused of forcing people to vote.

Despite Kaunda's almost sacred status among adherents inside and outside Zambia, his credibility has been further strained by events that got rolling at the party's national council in June. Their effort has been to eliminate his most formidable personal opponent—Samuel Kapembwa. With strong support from the outspoken Banda tribe in Zambia's copper-belt region, Kapembwa has taken his case to court in conjunction with Henry Numbala. A UNIP member of parliament, Numbala was Kaunda's first major political opponent after independence, and also tried to run



A positive Kaunda (left) and would-be rival Kapembwa, grimace on cure

against Kaunda this time. In their petition, Nkomo's argument that he had not been allowed to file presidential nomination papers and that his agents had been "arrested" from visiting members of his coalition.

Kapewee and Nkomo's have asked the judiciary to rule that constitutional amendments by which they were prevented from standing are invalid and their passage was a deliberate attempt to prevent candidates other than Kaunda from contesting the election. But there are serious doubts that the action will come to trial—before the election at least.

Underlying these political and legal problems are the dismal performance of Zambia's economy in recent years and a resurgence among some Zambians that every season their officials have lost the nerve for justice and reform that they once displayed. A parliamentary committee has revealed that two of Kaunda's central committee members failed to pay back more than \$700,000 they owed the country's Central Bank. Kaunda has promised an investigation. As for the economy—once one of the most promising in the African continent—a recent report to the Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim estimates Zambia needs \$1 billion just to meet its short-term problems.

Some of the troubles result from sheer bad luck, notably the bottom falling out of the international copper market, on which Zambia depended for almost all the foreign exchange needed for its economic import bill. Others stem from its colonial heritage. Despite Kaunda's potentially rich farmlands, agricultural production is pathetically low, at least partially because the British, in the hurry to replace the country's mineral wealth with cheap labor, imposed hut taxes that forced farmers out of their fields and into the mines.

Still others are of Kaunda's own making. A recent Census wealth study estimates that the first monetary crisis, up to 1973, of Zambia's sanctions against Rhodesia has been just under \$600 million and Kaunda has responded by bordering with Rhodesia to get in much needed supplies. Finally, part of the problem may be Zambians themselves. "They were born with a copper spoon in their mouths," said a Western diplomat.

But at least some of the economic blame must rest with leadership at large—socialist European-style has been clumsy and inefficient. For all the humanity intended, a recent United Nations study shows the income gap between rich and poor actually widening. Kaunda's December promises, however, look strong, especially for one who has supervised with meek forbearance to ban all the deaths from the sky.

Don Turner

California

It only costs \$4,500 to get yourself fired



A race costs more than \$2 billion and kills 1,000-plus Americans a year, according to the latest Senate investigations. Last week that first figure was at least \$30 million higher thanks to the activities of the "Hollywood assassin" whose hit list reads like the credits on Academy Awards night. One of 11 separate fires started by the firing severely damaged the lavish homes of Jack Lemmon, Al MacGrady, Buddy Blythe and Dennis Sherr, and just saved the multi-million-dollar ranch-style homes of Ronald Reagan and Steve McQueen.

It rarely rains in Southern California, and the seasonal parch that is now turning the wooded hills around Los Angeles into a giant tinderbox has set a perfect scene for the pyromaniac. Following the genre down into wealthy neighborhoods and, from a car, simply tossed a box of matches containing a lighted cigarette onto roadside yards. Within seconds the green is ablaze, within minutes the trees go up and within an hour the house is ash.

The \$30-million price tag is for the firebrand's activities over one month. Last week alone, however, tens of thousands of acres were destroyed along with more than 300 houses. In the glimmer strip which stretches from the Santa Monica Mountains to the beach at Malibu. But while the California situation has highlighted the arson problem in the U.S., it is only a fraction of the whole picture. "It's the fastest growing crime in the U.S. today"—at the rate of 25 per cent a year—a Senate official says. Fires are not just for the insurance money, and Americans across the spec-

L.A. suburbanite put to flight a growth industry in a matchbox

trum of society from Mafia bossdom—as such as New York's notorious "Mickey Malone"—to the small businessman who sees a blaze in his shop as the only escape from bankruptcy, are involved. Indeed, the problem is now taking so seriously on Capitol Hill that the Senate recently opened special hearings on arson. There were some spectacular successes, including one self-declared firebug who told the politicians that over the last few years he had set as few as 100 fires at about \$4,500 each.

As a result of the Senate hearings and national concern caused by the California fires, the FBI and the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) now plan to start an anti-arson blitz. Over the past three years the LEAA has given out more than \$2 billion in crime prevention grants, but less than one-tenth of one per cent went for arson control. Although more than 18,000 arson arrests were made in 1977, the FBI had not targeted it as a "chronic" crime along with rape, murder and good larceny. Now both agencies are giving it priority.

Said the Senate investigator: "Our hearings on arson showed us three things. Anybody can do it, it's profitable, and nobody has been going after it." But now that special "fire squads" are being formed and the heat is on, police hope the arsonist may at last meet his match.

Cathy Fox

Scotland

A party divided against itself

For 18 years it was the fastest growing political party in Britain. But now, suddenly, the Scottish National Party (SNP) is a movement battered by internal strife and by the thought that its greatest victory may yet turn to defeat. As the SNP's 11 MPs lead the new session of the British Parliament this week, they are divided over the issue that has been the touchstone of their appeal—the setting up of an elected assembly in Scotland—and party leaders are worried that the reservoir of support built up over years of energetic campaigning will drop steadily away through the long winter.

The immediate problem is the government's referendum on the Scottish assembly promised for the spring. But the net set in when Parliament finally and reluctantly passed a devolution bill for Scotland, and one for Wales, earlier this year. The upshot is the farthest the ruling Labour party was dragged. Campaigning as the simple slogan "We have delivered," it easily held two seats the SNP hoped to snatch earlier this year and then, last Thursday, threatened the SNP at a third by-election. Overall support for the SNP has slumped nearly 35 per cent in 12 months.

Now the promised referendum has posed a tactical problem which is leaving the SNP further apart. The as yet unanswered dilemma is does the party stand to gain more from meekly voting a "yes" vote, or should it bring the independence drum a great deal

SNP Chairman Wolfe: Test the earth quake?



leader, arguing that the proposed assembly should be regarded only as a first step? The debate has split the ordinary party workers, Chairman Billy Wolfe leans toward his hawk, and has exposed a widening gulf between the unionists and nationalists. Suddenly they seem less part of a sacred crusade and more a collection of ordinary politicians struggling to find a theme. Six of them are threatened by Conservatives. Led by the hawkish Douglas Henderson, they favor a hard line. The other five are more willing to talk about using the assembly to start curing Scotland's problems.

The split presents a ticklish problem for the SNP's parliamentary leader, reid-muzzed Donald Stewart. In fact only one man seems likely to benefit from it, Prime Minister James Callaghan. The deal with the Liberal party that kept him in power is now at an end, which means that he will be depending more than ever on his allies to tide him through to the election which he must call sometime next year. So far as he is concerned, therefore, the longer the SNP takes to make up its mind and the more damage it does to itself in the process, the better. James Naughtie



Scent of subversion in socialist camp

On the sidewalks of Paris more than 5,000 tons of garbage piled up, putrid and rotting, as first the refuse men then the garbage-truck drivers went on strike. Rats scoured busily over the mountains accumulating in the pools of the *Plaines d'Orly*. But that was not the only hazards on the streets last week. Politicians who managed to dodge unthinkingly avalanches of decay on the trottoirs were almost certain to trip over succeeding waves of marching strikers as France erupted into its worst labor convulsions since the legislative elections last March.

Ports were paralyzed and an emergency airlift had to be organized to fly supplies into Corsica as sailors and dock workers dug in at a weeks-long work stoppage. TV programming dwindled to a minimum, the mail service to a trickle. Interns walked out of Paris emergency wards for a day and even the

city's legendary *cocottes*, who have tyrannized generations of apartment dwellers from their humble balcony lairs, took up pickets and marched. "Strikes—as epidemic," cried the daily *L'Express* shrilly. "France hopped down," lamented *Le Figaro*.

It might be said there was a moment of glorious vindication for the French left, which had warned that they weren't returning in last spring's voting. But as grumbling mounted around the country against Prime Minister Raymond Barre's economic policies, which have pushed inflation and unemployment to critical new highs, the left seemed paralyzed.

On one side, the Communists are confronting anti-growth and stagnation, still wrapped in a semi-internal debate over their March election losses. On the other, the Socialists are locked in a growing leadership fight in which aging, well-



Mitterrand: a disillusioned party

arch François Mitterrand is finding off-balance challenges from a trio of young party rivals.

In the bitter disillusionment which swept Socialist ranks after their failed referendum with victory, the first and

most obvious threat came from Mitterrand's own right hand, his 50-year-old oddity-horror like deputy, Pierre Mauroy, the mayor of Lille—long ago nicknamed "Le Dauphin." Recently predictable were the straggles from the party's far-left wing led by dissident radical Jean-Pierre Chevènement, 36. Set on the house, Mitterrand shouted himself over in his summer retreat to write his latest book—*The Bear and the Architect*, a poetic musing over the last three years which also serves as a self-judgment of his leadership—the Socialists keep up a public aerial front.

Now, as Mitterrand has re-emerged to take command in preparation for the 1981 presidential elections (that front has been ruthlessly shattered by an earthquake, 46-year-old, chess-playing party economist named Michel Rocard, whom the French press have already dubbed "The Eagle" and "Le jobiste-croisé-Arsène") in a deft and daring media blitz over the last month, he has called for a "symbolic person" in the party and referred in veiled but unmistakable and unambiguous terms to Mitterrand's ascent history as a mentor in the pen-de-Gaule Fourth Republic, as well as his last years.



Littered street: many a city 'lost' the garbage and marching strikers

The son of a celebrated Protestant preacher who worked on France's atomic bomb, Rocard has long been a party insider—but one with impressive credentials. After graduating from the prestigious Ecole Nationale d'Ad-

ministration, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's army minister, he joined the French military, just as Giscard had done, at the same time leading a spiritual group called the United Brotherhood. Four years ago, he was won over to the Socialist mainstream, when he espoused of worker control of industry within the free-market system.

Twin threats to world: arms and the (inner) man

The bar is bulging. The once cheery faces deeply etched with the lines of battle-worn and lost. But the political scum and conservatism are as molten as in the days when Billy Brandt ruled his reputation to tell the big Gennings on the road to reconstruction. Although miraculously I was in East Germany spy world that brought about his downfall as West German chancellor in 1974 Brandt now, 64, still calls to the top. He is chosen of the world's largest defense socialist party, the West German one. He is supporting them. He is left a challenge to defend for the European Community a free democracy, chosen parliament and year.

The week he is in Canada: providing over a congress of the Socialist International (the world grouping of democratic socialist parties) his discovery. Why choose conservatism? "We are not coming as missionaries," who in any case? "Why do you say Canada is better?" Brandt could be doing an interview with Mitterrand's counterpart, Pierre Mauroy, in Bonn, on the eve of his departure. But that was only the opening exchange in a discussion which ranged over

the choices of Europe becoming a "true base" in the world, the dangers of conflict between the nave and inner-nation (Brandt heads the Independent Commission on International Development Issues) and Eurocommunism.

Mauck: A move you definitely decided to avoid the European elections?

Brandt: More or less. My party expects me to head the list but I have set some conditions. I have asked for a reasonable number of votes as the list.

Mauck: And trade unions too?

Brandt: Yes, because if the European Community is going to develop it needs some counterweight to the bureaucracy in Brussels and the almost unlimited powers of the Council of Ministers. It also needs an element of social conservatism. Trade unions can play a role in this, especially now they have learned to engage themselves in social policy in the broadest sense of the word. I would like to see something like 25 per cent of seats reserved for women. If not, do not act, we may be faced by a women's front which operates outside political structures.

Mauck: If you form a united front with other socialist-oriented parties?

Brandt: Yes, such groups already exist.

Mauck: Could the leftist grouping include Communists?

Brandt: No, it will not. But it will be interesting to look at countries such as Italy and France. The Italian Communists are taking a very positive view of the European Community, the French are more or less against it. Eurocommunism has become a topic, which makes it easy to forget that there are great differences between French and Italian Communists and between those two compared with the Spanish. But there is one common link. All three want to give the impression that they are not just a wing of a worldwide Communist organization led by the Soviet Union.

Mauck: But you are not convinced?

Brandt: No, nobody knows why where this gesture will end. I would not exclude the possibility that some of these parties will split, one group identifying more than any with the "mother church" in Russia, the other perhaps joining the Socialists.

Mauck: Do you fear a comeback of its extreme right wing in Europe?

Brandt: There is a tendency for some people of the right to take extreme conservative positions which are sometimes dangerous. But this has nothing to do with that terrible period which was represented by Nazis in my country and fascists in others.

Mauck: His very policy of reconstruction toward East Germany successful?



Brandt: Mitterrand was reassured

Brandt: Some of our friends abroad did not quite understand it. Our policy was based on our belief in the Western alliance. But we did not accept—and we do not accept today—that this is the answer. We have never given up thinking about a future that might be characterized by less hostility, more cooperation. So what we aimed at was to make an attempt whenever possible to reduce tensions, to bring about co-operation where before there had only been confrontation, well knowing that

by doing so we could not remove any of the basic differences of an ideological or power-political character.

Communism will not disappear as a result of resolutions, treaties and what have you. Some people misunderstand the Helsinki Treaty, they thought it meant that the Communist leaders who signed the treaty really meant to move away from their ideological and political power bases. But you can change things only where (Communism) leaders find it desirable to make agreements. So my answer is: We have brought about changes which we think are advantageous.

Mauck: Do you foresee a role for Europe as a world power perhaps positioned between the two superpowers?

Brandt: I am interested in a third force between capitalism and communism but it would be an illusion for Western Europe to believe it could be a power like the two superpowers. There is no other way for Europe than to stay as it even today, the security alliance together with North America. But Europe can become a factor which carries more political weight and can develop modern social alternatives to old-fashioned capitalism and rigid Communist bureaucracy.

Mauck: What do you believe are the main dangers facing mankind?

Brandt: There are two. If the arms race goes on—and we all know the figures, last year \$50 billion spent on armaments—of this double or even triple in the middle of the 1980s, even the strongest economies will have difficulty bearing the burden. If mankind wants to survive, in spite of existing different ideologies, we will have to agree on something more than SALT II and a few years later SALT III. We must have more serious steps in the direction of arms limitation.

Mauck: And the second?

Brandt: More people are starving than 10 years ago. If this process goes on people in certain parts of the world may even play with the weapon of war as a result of social unrest and misery.

Mauck: Can the poor nations get richer without the richer nations giving poorer?

Brandt: I don't see how democracy could survive if governments told their people they should lower their standards. The answer must be reasonable growth, concentrated in specific areas. This process should be more in the direction of keeping up others. . . we are going through a crisis in the industrialized world. We will get through it even better if we understand that to speed up development in other parts of the world is one of the answers.



French officials, even the refuse refused

had lost former supporters to accuse him of veering toward the left's right. Record has never disguised his dislike for Mitterrand's historic dalliance with the Communists, which the party leader still treats as the sole route to an election win.

An increasing number of disaffected young Socialists have begun to agree with Record, seeing in his quick-fire intellect, platform, flair and grassroots popularity not only a champion for their cause, but a new face who could leave Record's aid to keep the presidency. One poll last month reported that Mitterrand's support had slipped 13 points to equal Bonafant, while the other noted there is equal contention for public affection if the presidential balloting was held now.

Despite the blatant jockeying for his throne, Mitterrand himself has remained restrained and aloof—aid clearly for free out of conviction. Nevertheless, as the veteran tactician, who wielded a duopoly of squabbling factions into the country's second most powerful party, prepared to depart for the week's Socialist International congress in Vancouver, a bond came for Bonafant's cause from an unexpected quarter. In a just-published political fiction by the pseudonymous Philippe de Camille (in real life, former L'Espresso staffer André Serfati), a terrorist threat prompts Discret to appoint Michel Record to the prime ministership, where he oversees the transfer of corporate control to the workers. Its title: *The Revolution of 2000*.

Nanci McDonald

United States

The truth about a Southern legend

In Madison's extensive coverage of the U.S. southern election, Washington Bureau Chief William Bradford Huie traveled the South. His report.

Senator Strom Thurmond is a living legend. He can prove it. He asks people to confirm privately that fact in a supremely arrogant pull recently taken in his home state of South Carolina and 74.9 per cent of those consulted answered "yes." Nevertheless, he is something of a disappointment to his bold, and a score to study for his legendary distinction seems to stem from the school of another grand old Southern orator, Ben Tillam. They share not just a winning lack of modesty, but also a wealth of guile.

The story of "Old Strom," as he is known, parallels and illuminates the experience of the Old South into the secular New South. He and it were forced to change their moral image if not their actions, just to survive. Now, at 53, the ultra-conservative Thurmond is making his last political stand in America's southern voting as Nov. 7 certainly will, which only proves that if day after has come a long way it still has far to go.

Southern politicians tend to be colorful, outrageous and conservative. In all of these categories Thurmond is a champion. To watch him operate is to see a consummate juggler. We are in the lobby of a small hotel just southeast of the Great Smoky Mountains. He

shakes hands with everything that looks human. A trailer's doorway couldn't get past Strom Thurmond. Years ago, when he was a lawyer, he used to shake hands with the jury before a trial.

He has voted on the losing side of almost every major issue to pass



Thurmond (above) and Bonafant with voters—the question is, will they?



through the Senate for more than two decades. He opposed all civil rights legislation, all defense cuts, all labor protection bills and all welfare laws. In so doing he has projected himself as the "Spirit of the South"—ferociously independent and full of pride. "Yes, yes, I'll vote for Strom," said a middle-aged textile worker, "he stands up for what he believes in, even if it's wrong."

Should Thurmond be re-elected for a fifth term, he will be 61 by the end of his spell in office. Yet there is no "senility" issue. Twelve years ago, at 45, he married the then-21-year-old Miss South Carolina who was 22. They now have four children, the youngest just two years old, and he remains a physical fitness addict. His bright, heavily-creased, weathered face reflects good health. A few years ago he had a hair transplant and that has kept his looking younger. Last week he invited photographers to his son's birthday party, staged at a local hotel. To demonstrate his agility the senator did down the fitness's pole—three times. He kept repeating the performance to make absolutely sure that no one missed the picture.

South Carolina has more parents, it thrives and grows than almost any other state. Nearly 18 per cent of the houses still have no plumbing. In 1969 the state's other senator, Ernest Hollings, asked national attention by testifying that he had discovered "substandard housing" among black families. He said there were black children infested with intestinal parasites and that he had met parents who stayed up at night to protect their children from rats. Thurmond responded that it was all a Democratic ruse to get black votes and that "friends" had said he there was no great problem. There had always been those who didn't want to work.

From this long-established attitude Thurmond came suddenly awakened in 1970, when the New South was born with the election in Florida of Governor Reubin Askew, in Arkansas of Dale Bumpers and in Georgia of Jimmy Carter—all anti-segregation liberals. The writing was on the wall and Thurmond knew how to read it. He began to hire black staff, to secure grants for black schools, to get special projects for black residential areas. He now denies that he was ever a segregationist. "We have had a lot of changes in the last 30 years since I was governor," but there's been no change in my heart. I've always felt kindly toward the black people. But when you're a public office holder you have to live by the law."

The senator is opposed by a close New South politician, the handsome and articulate Charles D. "Big" Bonafant, 46, in, in the words of *The Wall Street Journal*, "smart, ambitious, ag-



Lu Taylor with John Warner, George Wallace (below), in deep in the deep South



gressive, sophisticated and family liberal." A Harvard Business School graduate—mentioned for all-American football honors—Bonafant made a fortune in an investment business before returning to his native South and a political career. He was personally persuaded by President Jimmy Carter to make his challenge. The White House sees him as able to lead South Carolina out of its poverty stricken, to provide real job and housing equality for the blacks. But the state's 30-per-cent black population is low on voter turnout and the polls indicate that the mass of white workers in the dominant textile industry still supports the old guard.

In neighboring North Carolina, usually abash with astute colors at this time of year but now looking dark as the result of an unreasonable drought, the conservative Republican Senator Jesse Helms, is also likely to be re-elected. Helms, who led the effort that nearly sank the Panama Canal treaties, is spending as much as \$5 million on his campaign against a politically unknown

Democrat, John B. Ingram, who has a budget of \$300,000. In Virginia, Republican candidate John Warner—his major claim to fame these days is that he is married to Elizabeth Taylor—was favored to win, and in Texas a powerful Republican Senator John Tower is fighting off Democratic representative Bob Kruger.

One other personal trait catches the eye. But one striking feature of this election is that for the first time, all across the South, ballots list the names of candidates with degrees from Harvard, Yale and other eastern citadels of culture and education. For some scholars and politicians, these candidates signal a decline in the prejudice, xenophobia and anti-intellectualism that once made it difficult for anyone who was "different," as by birth or education as "outsider," to run for office.

That doesn't mean the Ivy League will be elected this time. But it may point to changes of real substance for the future. William D. Bonafant, a University of Alabama political historian, has his own theory. He says, "As a racist and a people we always have had the unspoken suspicion that people in other parts of the country looked down on us and that we weren't as smart and cultured as they were. That's why we responded when somebody like George Wallace came along and said as we were as good as an educated and as smart as people anywhere. Now, these new politicians with degrees from schools like Harvard are coming along and we see them as what we would like to be and what we would like our children to be."

Senator George Wallace of Alabama used to gain votes by railing against "polity-headed intellectuals." He is referring this year and the "pointers" may take his place. But as Thurmond—who got his degree at a local night school—has demonstrated so well, it is sometimes better to be right-wing and wrong than left-wing and right in the South.

Spain

A bad business all round

Perish the thought! Because Mendota is noted for his sporting activities. He owns a string of racetracks, is vice-president of the track soccer club, Real Madrid, and loves to cruise on his yacht Pirana. But last week it seemed that the 50-year-old jet-

setter had strayed into shark-infested waters. Spain was rocked by charges that his close friends include society hostesses, leading politicians and businessmen—and Soviet spies. Indeed, it is suggested, the infamous KGB is deeply involved in the vastly profitable trading company Mendota heads.

To add spice to the story came a counter-charge from Moscow that a rival company owned in Havana-Soviet commercial relations was a pawn of the cia. If that were so, it seemed that the KGB was unexpectedly wielding much more capitalist clout. Mendota's

import-export firm Prodig had a \$556-million turnover last year in trade with the Soviet Union. In contrast, the company indicted by Moscow, Cies—headed by Juan Garrigues, a brother of Spain's public works minister—could only muster \$10 million.

That move was involved than mere trade and vodka. In Mendota's unopposed firm was first revealed as a well-documented expert in the magazine *Combin*. Mendota is alleged to have started his march in Moscow through a partnership with Georges Charbonnier, head of a Panama-based company and suspected of KGB connections. As Prodig prospered, Mendota became friendly with peripatetic Soviet journalist Yevgeny Leonov, who is being harassed on the grounds of "disinformation."

When Leonov visited Madrid last June, apparently to sound out the chances of a royal visit to Moscow, his hotel ex-



perience at the five-star Luz Palace were paid for by Prodig. Tech managers to Prodig's Moscow office are actually based in Leonov's office, according to *Combin*, and among Prodig's employees is one Yek Atilavenskiy, who was forced to leave France some years ago because of espionage activities. Furthermore, four Russians have been expelled from Spain in the past year and two of them were executives with Soviet export organizations that are represented in Spain by Prodig.

Casero's charges were answered, fittingly no doubt, by Moscow's *Letsky* Gavril which pointed the finger at Cies. But Madrid sources say the real power struggle is between the KGB which backs Prodig, and the Soviet Communist party's Central Committee, which forces Cies. Mendota himself angrily brands the spy tales as "fabrications and infamy." Threatening legal action against *Combin*, he stormed: "All this is a story put out by third parties interested in destabilizing a commerce that—at least as far as I'm concerned—has been serious, honest and responsible." Responsible for what, he didn't say. David Baird

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After does not rest lightly on **Jackie** Jackson's shoulder. Jackson, the all-Canadian chronicler who he coached the Toronto Argonauts to two consecutive (1975-76) seasons in the CFL. Eastern Conference cellar, in back in

JACKIE: If at first you don't succeed

the coaching business. Trying still to get it right. His latest squad is the girls' basketball team at Stratford Central High School, where he's also the principal. The team has a 5-1 win-loss record and it helps that Olympic high jumper Julie White is the group's

leading scorer. Speculating on the differences between starting muck-bomb footballers and his weaker, but sner "girls," Jackson says, "Women are very attentive. They learn quickly and adapt better. But they aren't competitive. We go out there to win and although I've occasionally had to yell at them, no one's cried on me yet."

Author Kitty Kelley's newly published biography of Jackie Kennedy Onassis, entitled *Jackie* (06) is not so much a basket job as a polemic of the entire first lady. Based on interviews with Jackie's family, Kennedy intimates and U.S. politicians, the book leaves no dirt unturned, revealing Jackie as a "sensitive, interested woman who wanted to become a part of history." There's the story of Jackie's wedding day to JFK (when, according to Kelley, her father was too drunk to give her away) and assorted anecdotes about Jackie's misadventures. ("She scolded me. When I threw gifts on the table she was a Turkish dinner hostess.") Although at first shy about attempting to shatter the Jackie myth, Kelley now insists: "I wouldn't be afraid to go up to Jackie in the street and introduce myself." Jackie might not even the comment. Says her half-brother, Jesse Archibald—who's oft quoted in the book—*"Jackie doesn't intend to read it."*

It was two for two when author **Robertson Davies** (*PSY* Museum, *The Marshmore*) met director **Rodney Cook** (06 *Concord*) and *Present Ample* in

Davies and Cook: getting to know you

the master's private chambers at the University of Toronto. The arroyo could be arranged when Cook, who has been living in New York for the past 17 years, decided to friends that he was longing to meet Davies. According to Cook, Davies was the darling of the New York troupe—a fact substantiated when *Women's Wear Daily*, the glossy gossip sheet, declared the professor "in." Following a brief satyrgraph session, where Davies signed first-edition copies of his six novels, Cook confessed: "To the national president of the Robertson Davies fan club—New York chapter." Replied the master: "Only a chapter? Could it not make it a volume?"

The Canadian House, a classical quartet of blowhards, discovered a new listening audience as they recently completed whirlwind tour of Saskatchewan. Billed as a cultural point through the Prairies, the group played 18 shows in 18 nights, driving by truck wagon to such outposts as Lacombe, Weyburn and Mooseman. At the outset, the five-member band wondered if anyone had heard of them, let alone listened to them. Needless to say, they were pleasantly surprised. "It was gratifying," said **Chuck Baumgartner**, a tubist whose specialty is *Flight of the Bumblebee*. "We



Lett sat to the family

had one former who told us he listened to on all the time. Not on the radio. The guy had an eight-track tape player in his tractor."

Richards: a strong road to freedom



The disclaimer at the top of singer **Lucy Lett's** conversation runs like this: "No, I don't drink or take drugs. I'm not like my mother or my sister." Which is all very well, except that Lett's mother happens to be **Judy Garson**, making this somewhat her half-sister. Talk about a royal family: After living and performing in England for the past two years, Lett finally got home and recently returned to the home of the Big Apple, with her nightclub act intact. While sitting in her New York apartment, alongside one of the mid-sequence sippers Judy wore in *The Wizard of Oz*, Lett, 25, talked about her rare moments. Not all of them, however, were musical. "Lita was just around the loved it."

The shares and receives **Robbie Plummer** made a brief stop in New York recently before setting off to Belgrade to represent his re-entry into the world of international chess. Banned in one of several cities since he won, Plummer dropped in to chat with his former chess teacher, **John Collins**, who runs a chess academy in Manhattan. Although Plummer is preparing to end his one-year exile with a 41-match exhibition match against Yugoslavian grand master **Svetozar Gligovic** in 1979, it's considered only a warm-up for his planned match against world champion **Anatoly Karpov**. According to Collins, Plummer, who's been known to have a few eccentricities around a chessboard himself, wasn't too impressed with the recent *Karpov-Korchnoi* marathon in Baguio. "He wasn't interested," and Collins "All that stuff about gurus and parapsychology. He thought it made chess look ridiculous."

Free at last, Lord. Free at last. With a smirk on his face and a glass of gin in his hand, **Kurt Richards**, the Rolling Stones guitarist, met the press in Toronto last week, hours after being sentenced on a possession of heroin charge. Richards, who was put on a year's probation and ordered to give a benefit concert for Toronto's Canadian National Institute for the Blind, described the judgment as "strange," but added that he would assemble the Stones for the springtime charity gig. Admitting he kicked the heroin habit 18 months ago because it was "boring," Richards stated he was "now a junk." When asked if he had met his probation officer, Richards replied, "Yeah, he's a very sweet. I don't know his name, but we'll build up a relationship over the years." And what was the Stones' reaction when they heard their buddy was free? "They were mad. I wasn't put away for 30 years."

— Edited by Jane O'Hara

Toughing it out at the city's heart

It's a full Friday in October and Bruce McLaughlin, multimillionaire land developer, is pacing the grounds of his Mississauga, Ontario, mansion. Switching for miles from his herd of shoulders are the new houses, plazas, offices, showrooms, industries, and lifelines of a community that didn't exist 11 years ago. Perched on the western rim of Toronto, Mississauga's 260,000 people in a city that is largely the real-

ized dream of this one lonely man. He wanders in a windbreaker and peaked cap, deep in his own thoughts, the work of two hard-racing firms suspended by his company's finances, making public financing impossible. A longtime accountant-driven by axes the shadow of someone else "I literally had to look

Bruce McLaughlin looking for the storefront

over. It looked just like Richard Nixon wandering through St. Clement's."

Another friend, reflecting widespread concern for McLaughlin's future, describes him as "desperate" as he battles take-over attempts backed by Seagrams heirs Edward and Peter Bradford at a time when his cash flow has all but dried up. For the many developers, S.B. McLaughlin Associates Ltd. is land-rich, but cash-poor. A cottage-builder in the 1940s, he assembled land in the 1950s, formed his company in 1957, built through the 1960s, and diversified in the 1970s, then placing the seeds of his current dilemma. Losses in 1981-82 were the first in nine months of 1983 could reach \$10 million by year end, says real-estate analyst Ira Gluskin, of Brown, Beldwin, Straker Ltd. "Nobody in the world has ever run a company like this one man."

With corporate assets over \$250 million and a personal fortune into eight figures, McLaughlin is seen to be a man in trouble. One cause is a hotel rising in finished stories above Western's Dorchester Hotel and that has cost \$30 million and needs \$25 million more, another is North Vancouver's Grease Mountain Resorts Ltd. where the last two winters have seen little snow. These costly ventures and sluggish Ontario real-estate markets have drained corporate cash. Finally, there's the much-needed \$40-million deal with Calgary-based Abacus Cities Ltd. which was to have closed Oct. 23 (now extended into November), injecting both cash and cash flow in return for a joint-venture position on 2,296 Mississauga acres. Abacus vice-president, finance, Ross Ames says it's "signal and sealed, but not delivered," while another source says it may never go through.

It is, however, the fight with the 55-per-cent Bradford-owned Miro Enterprises Ltd. that brings bile to McLaughlin's lips. "It's reprehensible that such a major financial group and an entrepreneur should be involved in damaging a private matter in public." Admitting none of the problems others see, he is quick to point out his firm has paid off \$55 million in bank debts in the past 18 months. "Someone," he insists, "is turning up a lot of money." Miro owes 40 per cent, McLaughlin 60 per cent, of S.B. McLaughlin & Co. this private holding company controlling 51 per cent of the public company, S.B. McLaughlin Associates Ltd., of which he is president. Under agreed terms, Miro asked McLaughlin in December, 1982, to buy its 40 per cent, expiring payment within 12 months. Negotiations, written notice was not given until July 10, 1983, because, it has been said, McLaughlin asked Miro not to write. McLaughlin insists take-over, a charge Ross Ames, although Miro sent letters to McLaugh-

lin's five outside directors in October proposing financial support and McLaughlin's counter.

At 50, he is appalled that someone is gawping for his life's work. "The ultimate motivation is for me to pay them [before July 15, 1983]," says McLaughlin, but Miro wants the estimated \$20 million sooner. If the Abacus deal falls through, McLaughlin will have to find a new partner or get interim bank financing. Says Bank of Montreal Executive Vice-President and General Manager Marc Macdonald: "My guys are in discussion with Bruce. They're trying to work something out. I don't want to say I'm 30-per-cent optimistic or I'm 60-per-cent optimistic. I'm just hopeful."

That hope for survival is some distance from the euphoric seven days five years ago. But there exists some optimism in the financial community that the firm may come through unscathed because of its valuable assets, although McLaughlin, the man, may be forced to share or even lose control. Says one Bay Street source: "The forces for accommodation and resolve are usually pretty compelling. Blowing ships out of the water tends to create problems for too many people." McLaughlin is relying support and wants a shelf of letters in his office as he problems. "I'm an honorable man and a creative man and these letters show that others agree." He says former employees, politicians and businessmen are among those who have written supportive letters since news spread of his fight with Miro. In the end, it may be his philosophy, not letters, that will carry him through. He throws both hands up with a what-me-worrys wave, and says, "Life is a game, success is a game." And the tale from the unfinished hotel to plan for another hotel in Mississauga. Suddenly he awakens. "It'll all be over in 30 days," and points to an employee, saying, "And then I want a lower profile." He adds almost plaintively, "If only people would just leave me alone, and let me build."

Robert McQuinn

Now that's solidarity

The degree of accord was surprising even to themselves. The talks between big business and big labor began in March with the establishment of 23 task forces to study the spectrum of manufacturing industries, from footwear to fertilizers. Last week, the process was concluded by an umbrella report of recommendations that will serve as the next step in the federal-provincial economic summit later this month.



The exhaustive report, presciently titled "Policies to Improve Canadian Competitiveness," is maddeningly vague at times and contains some internal contradictions. Its main thrust is protectionism, with business and labor agreeing that protectionist free trade is not desirable and that weak industries like textiles should be "completely exempted" from new tariff cuts. It also favors "rationalization"—a euphemism for mass corporate mergers and concentration—and calls for increased government aid for industrial research. On contentious issues, such as unemployment insurance, corporate and capital gains taxes, both sides simply announced they agreed to disagree. Unions security and the right to strike in essential services proved so divisive, they agreed only to discuss them again in the future.

Even with the differences, a new solidarity was achieved. Stanley Char, executive vice-president of the Canadian Labor Congress, held a news conference. "This exercise has been one of the very positive things in a country in which there is so much negativism," Richard Ian Barclay, chairman of British Columbia's Federal Productivity Ltd. "If you really have a concern and you really want to come to grips with it, it doesn't take too long to see the other fellow's point of view."

The surprising success follows the cold shoulder business and labor showed federal government efforts toward an economic summit initiative. The Canadian Labor Congress, which had once championed impractical government talks and even support for the New Democratic Business leaders were skeptical about Ottawa's initiative. When the federal government took the idea to last February's economic summit with the provinces, the premiers, notably Alberta's Peter Lougheed, shot down its proposal for a national industrial council of business and labor spokesmen.

The provincial governments did agree to invite formal involvement of business and labor, and the 23 task forces were the result. When the studies were completed in July, the umbrella committee was established under G.W. Ltd. Chairman Ralph Barclay. The first meeting of the committee was almost the last as the business and labor leaders retreated to rhetorical positions and found them-



to give far sport: Only slight stockpiling by Harford brought them together. Whether the committee will evolve into something more permanent remains to be seen. But the committee's mandate is clear: any federal official, "We have to be careful with it," insists the CLC's Kane. "The government must accept the report as we have put it together." Initial indications are that the government will accept the report, but the arms-liaison alliance will be too successful in getting its way and achieve tremendous change. The Economic Council of Canada sounded that warning in its annual report, released last week. "The report is a good report," it says. "The task force reports—used as they may be—represent the views of particular groups," said the council, "and governments have a responsibility to balance these positions against the interests of the whole country." The council was a rare critic in the discussion.

Sam Ungahart

Thy country 'tis of me

Within days of Jimmy Carter's election as president of the United States, four Canadian businessmen from Burlington, Ontario, travelled to Georgia looking for a fast buck. Paying \$325,000 for 156 acres of rough farmland on the outskirts of Carter's home town, they planned an amusement park for the expected rush of nightsores. But the hoped-for tourist boom failed, and the property is on the market once more—for \$673,000. So far, no takers.


The buying of the president's backyard by foreigners was as instructive as it was repugnant: "Reminds me of the carpetbaggers who came down here to rob us after the Civil War," said one disgruntled Georgian. The deal, however,

er, reflects a remarkable global trend in America today. The United States has become the world's most attractive site for international investment. In 1973, foreign assets in the U.S. were \$735 billion. Today, they are \$311 billion, up 77.9 per cent. To compare, total foreign assets in Canada were \$45.8 billion in 1973 and they are \$108 billion today, up 69.6 per cent. A U.S. household name like Baskin-Robbins is now owned by L. Lyons of England. Poppendust toothpaste belongs to Unilever, an Anglo-Dutch multinational. Alfa-Seltzer is West Germany's Bayer A.G.

With the premiums now being paid on the dollar, Canadians are in surprisingly high profile among the buyers. Indeed, it is only half in jest that Kenneth Forsander of the Canadian desk at the department of commerce comments "We really have to watch you guys. You're buying this country up, state by state." The Bureau of Economic Analysis

its estimates that Canadens has lost almost \$300 million invested in America at the end of 1977. Real estate is the major culprit and runs from winter condos in Florida to Texas to California. The 100-parcel, 100-acre Manhattan office towers in 1977 for \$80 million from the National Knives Corp., overnight becoming landfills. The 100-parcel, 100-acre Manhattan office towers in 1977 for \$80 million from the National Knives Corp., overnight becoming landfills. The 100-parcel, 100-acre Manhattan office towers in 1977 for \$80 million from the National Knives Corp., overnight becoming landfills.



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Royal de Neuville
Cracking Road
*appellation d'origine contrôlée

The first picture show

Chubb Brothers Inc. is a kind of jewelry store that carries rental tools as well as diamonds cut the window of the \$150,000-a-year lease 65 floors? The 65th floor says that should be richly repaid for your mind. Said of his experience, he says: "I don't know if I'm a gambler or not." Marford is a First Canadian Elevator Shop. The Blue of Lake Ontario is a breath-taking range of thin yards and patches of trees 300 feet below, and through a thin gray mist and dark paid go with \$200,000 worth of useful tools—his index they were in fact. "I don't know if I'm a gambler or not," he says. "I don't know if I'm a gambler or not." Two days before his 35th birthday, investors are looking to pay \$25,000 for a single share of The Chemping. It can temporary guest story, starring George C. Scott, that the supremacy at Canadian Bank will make with \$5 million in other people's money. "I don't know if I'm a gambler or not," he says. "I don't know if I'm a gambler or not." account of a weekend New Yorker, his shirt will be broken."

He also knows. Since his predoctoral University of Toronto law school days five years ago when he edited law news, many courts lectured on his law at York University wrote what is still the industry textbook from his notes. Dinkley has continued right and day in the dark waters of Canadian litigation to listen in every eddy and ahead.

Today with three feature TV productions *The Good Plaintiff* and one of the country's largest showbiz law practices in mind Dinkley is where he has always wanted to be: arrogant and unpopular, but finally it is possible to make the Canadian film industry the common law because he now



Đầu tiên, anh đặt lên art table mọi thứ có thể tìm được.

Example usage: `ls -l`

Drazenovic routinely commands investors, attention and his fellow producers in his role as the \$60-million picture affording on 264 \$25,000 Chequering units; he squandered paid the Ontario Securities Commission last month. The Chequering and the only movie deal before a Canadian Securities commission but it is the first (the legend) and most controversial.

For \$25,000 (units of some firm go for at \$10, so \$5,000) the lucky investor can postpone payment of \$13,500 in tax by four years, during which time it and the firm profits can be reinvested or deferred further.

the end and their into the unprofitable future. The *Dreadnought* prospectus raises questions in the mind of Terry Melrow, Clarkson Gordin's life partner, who believes that Chomsky will be okay for the tax ruling. But how sound is the investment? Do books' follow products are privately handled with Gordin's prospectus. Gordin an investor said, George C. Scott's list are to support the box office draw of *Pollux* and the absence of distribution guarantees on product lists Densmore, will giving his investors enough chance to get their money back. While he is doing instead, living like in *Milano* and all money up front, as he desires and perhaps not factoring into his co-produces \$275,000 with another \$250,000 (estimated), leaving

price of \$117,000 designated for top-end and distributor \$250,000 reserved for Canadian film rights only. Most executives at Diablosky's last year after U.S. studios have above \$2 million. Canadian Producer Bill Marshall believes the influx of Diablosky's movie would decrease the industry by destroying the fledgling confidence of investors. Turpin says Marshall says most of the people I've talked to are afraid the OSC will really crack down on everyone once they realize the mistakes they've made at this one. They're also afraid Revenue Canada will get angry at all producers and revoke the tax break—which after all is there for the development of the Canadian film industry.

Dubois is an spiritually enlightened or cultured depending on your point of view. He considers George C. Scott less enough to engrave *du-dubois* onto that long & slow as the prospectus. As a side quite discourses he says, his bed approved The Cheesing perspective—but except its 1997 Journalist report Robert Stein points out, it will take a long time before the world is ready to accept what he's saying. What the Dubois would seem, though, is what he considers the industry's small-mindedness. "Who is going to participate that business?" he believes. "The actors? The players? No. It's the entrepreneurs. How long will it take the industry to start itself, and he goes will listen.

Ingemar Gertt Dahlbom, draped in a glow of neon in the dark, surrounded by his wife, his children, his dog, his Repelles, his Christopher Priddy, his regulation which is reflected in everything from the polished black granite floor to the brass nameplates on the door. He looks up. "Sometimes," he says, "I wonder why I do this at all."

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Invention prevention

Derrick Mayhew happily works until midnight in his Ontario, Ontario, office patting off an invention because "it's just a game. It's fun to make." But his invention, a vacuum cleaner he says, is worth \$6,000 over 10 months, leaving to patent his latest idea, the HEAT CHANG, an automatic thermostat heater which could reduce household heating bills by 30 per cent. Like most small companies inventors, Mayhew is regulated by the Invention rules and furnished by the law. So naturally when Consumer and Corporate Affairs Minister Warren Allmand announced proposals in mid-October to stimulate domestic innovation by changing the patent laws, there was much hope.

That brief hope faded as patent professionals began to see that Allmand's intended legislation might only make it bad situation worse. Under the



Inventor Mayhew: that's again, maybe not

current law, inventors had no incentive to manufacture their product commercially. Allmand proposes replacing the 17 year patent term with a 14 year period ending

14-year extension for patents worked in Canada. He'd like to see patents renewed every three years with a regular fee, thereby ensuring the invention can be worked by someone other than the original patent owner, thus making it more efficient. Because 30 per cent of patents filed are unworkable, he wants to ensure that inventors do not use their exclusive monopoly position to practice unfair price discrimination when goods are sold in Canada.

But Donald Sen, vice president of the Patent and Trademark Institute of Canada, is particularly upset over one provision which would give a patent to the first to file rather than the first to invent. "Excluded time and expense is required to be by companies have an advantage over a talented inventor. While the big research firms are efficient it would cause Canadians will be to remember that some of the best known Canadian inventors—the apple, the light bulb, the wire probe, and the telephone—were once created by solitary inventors working in far makeshift labs. Prospects for serious jobs (inventor) are down and a golden Canada the probable result."

Juditha Lachens

more than six per cent of any manufacturing industry is foreign-owned, Americans are, in the words of a West German industrialist, "getting a severe dose of their own medicine." He adds "They have preached free enterprise and the benefits of foreign ownership. Now they are selling out what it's really like."

In response, "Buy American" campaigns are springing up with Boston's city council considering giving local firms a five-per-cent price preference after the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority ordered 190 subway cars from Hawker Siddeley Canada Ltd. last year. In his book, *America For Sale*, Kenneth C. Crews, a Wall Street Press-winning journalist, includes a chapter titled "The Ugly Canadian." It opens:

"America's long northern border stretches 3,500 miles from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean and is bordered—at least on the southern side. The glowing Canadians on the northern side of that border have erected a diagonal line of economic defenses."

"Crews raises another touchy point—investments by foreign governments. Probably the single greatest foreign intrusion into the U.S. is the investment by British Petroleum (with the British government, its controlling stockholder) in Alaska's natural resources. The prime attempt was by the Shah of Iran, who once tried to buy the Alamos as a birthday gift for his son. Asked one of the ladies who now looks after the Texas fort, "Did Dave Crockett do for nothing?" William Leather

Sports

Where have you gone Sad Sammy Pollock?

The investors of Le Globeur have been taken, the Flying Frenchmen have been exposed in more stories, and the spectre of his weekly *Archie* tries again over the Plains.

The depths to which his Canadiana have plummeted is underlined by their second tiny year's success. In their first seven years, they won but four, and lost a deeply shattering two. The massive who transformed the WHL into a one-team league—"Bud" Sam Pollock—has departed and his heirs are facing the journey.

In his 38 years with his *Archie*, the last 15 as general manager, Pollock invented his own national pastime—fleeing second-rate clubs of their first-rate players. He did it with their, slight of rules and a Halifax stock pool, hoarding draft choices—the value of which only registered too late on his bet-watched losses.

Coach Scotty Bowman stumbled in his rush to fill the Pollock vacuum and Irving Grinstein stepped in. In his first attempt at impersonating Sam, he didn't quite get the timing right and raised the wrath of the Quebecers and lowered the value of his empire, Molson's Breweries.

The name Boardman is legend in its field, promoter and mentor in the recesses of the Forum Young Pierre, whom fans worry about, check over and sympathize with—particularly after he was badly beaten in a fight last season—was left unprotected in this year's draft. He was picked up by the Washington Capitals. Bowman phased Pierre and named him everything would be all right.

Grinstein moved to centre stage and, a la Pollock, tried to deal Raynold Schatz to retrieve Boardman. The Boston Bruins called him the heir apparent (Bryan Gill Harry Staden had said he would not Grinstein at the first opportunity) and the league president did the unthinkable in the Pollock era and traded the deal.

When Jean Paul Charbonneau announced the names of the defending Stanley Cup champs at the season opener in Montreal, the chant "Go-Char-Go-Char-Go-Char" rose from the crowd. A fan told Le Presse, "I'm not an expert, but again it's his

month's Andrien who are looking for trouble." *Le Presse* Boardman was free-press news in Quebec. Boardman's Boardman Returns. Boardman Goes to Washington. Pierre's father "Berch," who visited the Boardman players, expressed his anger over the Canadian's handling of the whole affair, reminding anyone who would listen that there was one member of the current management whom he had protected when that man was a newcomer to the league. He didn't mention Jean Rivest, says a vice-president, by name. He didn't have to.

In any other city, for any other franchise, the players don't quite fit.

Grandmen: the show don't quite fit



else, it was a dumping of a second-rate player in a non-league in Montreal and for his sake, it had costumed his hero. Meanwhile, Boardman learned he would get a 15-per-cent guy hike in Washington and started packing.

While sultry, village and newspaper pundits called that the engine, business men decree a French Canadian must be a superstar to play for his Canadiens, the superstar-star of all was orchestrating his own powerplay (Montreal's, Oct. 14, 1978).

Concerning toward the igniting of a fire, the Canadian management and owners were confronted with a threatened boycott of the Toronto match by more than self-offering, humble, Guy ("I'm worth at least two per cent of the value of the team") Laferriere.

During the court hearings of the Dale McCourt compensation case, Montreal postmaster Ken Dwyer's lawyer delivered a very expensive fax: no. In answer to the judge's question as to how much same 1971, players make, he replied that Dwyer receives about \$25,000. Laferriere read a copy of the transcript in a Montreal paper and boiled. As did Dwyer's lawyer Arthur Kamenky later said he was mistaken, Dwyer's agent said, but the damage was done.

Laferriere demanded "let's say somewhere between \$500,000 and \$1 million," and Molson's Brewery had no choice but to come to The Flower's terms. That

For those: a tough league and to follow



Source: Canadian-owned television in New York City, leaving out the unworkable market?



Boechard: the start and the slick

same day, son of Pollock's last image, Cam Connor, a forward plucked from the Houston Aeros, went missing.

In an open letter to Irving Grishman published in *La Presse* last week, a fan from Rouvillerville wrote: "By your attitude, you have started up the people of Quebec against you. You understand now, I hope, that Sam Pollock's shows are not only to die."

Hal Quinn/Grishman Presser

Taking a swing at the brass ring

The money is getting so good, it's hard not to try for it.

They give out silver plates and handshakes in amateur golf. Cathy Sherk has had enough of both.

Last month she was the individual title at the women's world amateur championships to go with victories this year in the U.S. Canadian and Ontario championships and the prestigious U.S. North-South tournament. They added up to a claim, a golf bag that has to be returned, a depleted savings account and another box of wines for the wife. She wants to play for money.

The game here on the windswept knolls of Scottish heather, that drives commentators to wrap their equipment around unsuspecting trees and seek refuge at the 19th hole, has been kind to the 38-year-old. But the transition from match play (holes won) for fun and principle to medal play (total strokes) for dollars and prestige is one few have made. Three Canadian women are on

the tour now. Jocelyne Bourassa of Shawinigan South, Quebec, won Rookie of the Year in 1992, but, as Sherk says, "I'm a name problem now." Dale Shaw of Alberta is in her second year, but "I'm not doing well." Sandra Post of Okaville, Ontario, in her 13th season, has finally shed her runner-up image and this year has added titles for her always comfortable earnings. None has the amateur credentials of Cathy Sherk.

Despite her sweep of everything worth winning this year, Sherk won't just stroll onto the circuit. The initiation is the needed pressure of pro golf games in the first week of February at the Ladies Professional Golf Association School in Sarasota, Florida. Players must earn their card to enter tournaments by shooting four rounds in four days with an average score of around 74. The winter school usually attracts a strong field, and they don't often give out more than a dozen cards. The Port Colborne, Ontario, girl/teen, mother-of-two leading south to qualify, shot her first sub-80 round just seven years ago. "I was so excited that I misinterpreted a sign of the wind and sent it to my mother."

In the short Southern Ontario season Sherk played initially with her brother's old clubs and didn't really "get the hang" until she was 22. She entered a few district tournaments and hooped balls into a net during the winter while her contemporaries in the U.S. trained and played against the best. In 1973, Sherk finished second in the Ontario Amateur but in the interim met Ric Sherk and married him. At the '74 Ontario, she finished third and six months in prison.

Sen Christopher took care of the '75 season and it wasn't until two years later that the best amateur woman golfer in the world duffed her club. She finished second again in the Ontario behind her old-timer rival Marion Stewart Street, and fourth in the Canadian Open. And for the first time in her career, she ventured where she knew she must eventually go, south of the border. She finished second in the U.S. Amateur.

That dinked it. She knew she could do it. The second son and husband headed for Florida and her game warmed for this year's awesome record. There were no silver plates left to be won.

"I don't expect a lot of love," Sandra Post has told me. "It's rough on the tour and you have to keep a close watch on your personal life. But she has survived."

Thanks to Brad Stone, bookplate and television, the tour offers a record \$4 million in 40 events next year. To justify the prize and pad the gate, the majority of tournaments will be 72-hole rather than the usual 36-hole affairs.

The 135 veterans and the new batch of "babies" will chase the greenbacks and the sun through Florida, California, then up the East Coast in a double-knit roundtrip dropping the week and weary at each stop.

The lady who lives just outside Sherbrooke and down the highway from Sherk Road, will take her booming drive and her family to Boston in a conference in January to begin her quest. Husband Ric has been granted a year's leave of absence from his television assembly job. "I don't think I would have turned pro if I had to go down there alone. If a family joins, then sure I won't be homesick."



Sherk: a piece of a different club

A group of friends and an anonymous sponsor have promised to supply her with whatever financial backing the LPGA requires (from \$15,000 to \$30,000), allowing the promise to win right away. A couple of golf-club manufacturers have offered to supply clubs, equipment and bonuses for good showings—if she gets her playing card.

Sherk's dramatic rise to international prominence in the unexpected title of world golf queen began on four days in Florida. "If I keep my head," she says, "I think I can make it."

Hal Quinn

Theatre

After the ball is over — a rumble in the jungle

Discussions, in Theatre Row, are 21 companies, all within a one-mile radius, prompting one enterprising business manager to suggest that the TTC King subway stop be renamed, simply, Theatre. In the roller-coaster life, Theatre in Toronto has grown from the basement of Ryckman College to over 30 professional groups spread across town. Audiences can drive as far north as Willowdale, as far south as Queen's Quay, another group chatters on the west side, and others are literally sprinkled everywhere. Toronto is touted as and is—the second largest theatre-producing centre in North America, superseded only by the Big Apple.

In one splashy week last year there were nine openings, this season they're spread out, the publicity hype subdued. Toronto's Track Theatre inaugurated its new \$250,000, 100-seat Berryns Playhouse in late August with *The Chessmen of Seaton*, complete with search-

TAP both *La no Man's* stalked but not defeated, and pulling up his hoodlumps for the long trek ahead



lights, black lines and imported chess-players. The locale may have been new, but Jason Miller's steady tale of a jack-reman had a patina of antique style (The Monarchs and Bob Simon and such) has revisited inescapably intact.

All that happily had barely lost to first as five new shows opened early in October. Horse-drawn carriages delivered southern Walter Learning and Allen Newlin (*The Horrible Murder of Cardinal Toews*) to Toronto Arts Productions at the St. Lawrence Centre. First-nighters could taste from the Holmstein collection to the premier world of Chicago losers as Ptolemy opened David Martin's *American Buffalo* the same night. There was *Salvador*, Beg's bloody new black musical, *Jagtop*. If *Bum Street* was overlooked, just down the road film director Claude Jutra's *Grand Théâtre des Passés* Musical with his barely outrageous *Commedia dell'Arte*. Track was also back with the more sedate Emily Williams' *Playboy of the Western World*, the kind of well-modulated one-man show to which you could happily take your mother (or her mother, for that matter).

No special fanfare announced that theatre in Toronto has survived 10 years, first as a "new wave" of free Canadian-only theatre, later as a renaissance of over 35. For a group of artists' graduates, Toronto's artistic directors have proven themselves credible business managers. Almost every one has real estate, the latest and perhaps most remarkable being Adelaide Court, the \$15-million central core renaissance partially paid for, recently, from the profits of *Open Circle's* nine-month run of *Israel Horowitz*. The Primary English Club, an American play. The competition for audiences has become fierce and this year's offerings are apparently perfect patches for audiences.

Knowing that every penny counts and every show must pay its way, theatres are under the gun and survival instincts are already sharply honed. The most "successful" theatres last year were the most commercial, producing time-tested American and British plays, by and large starring *Good of Canadian* scripts. Arts outbids, grant freens, unemployment, inflation, all rear their ugly heads. Several hundred shows will be opening in the next nine months.

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John MacAndrew and Robin Cranston in
Isaac Horowitz' 'Machover', all the
real tables on American play can buy

competing with television specials,
musicals from The Dream Factory,
buckley games, disco, rock concerts and
each other.

But theatre is unpredictable, im-
predictable, its very essence surprise. Last
year, Toronto Workshop Productions
rose phoenix-like, show after show
playing to sold-out houses. *Les Consue-
tudes*, *The Club*, *Flowers* and *Re-
quest* with Lindsay Kemp and his com-
pany of box contractors and boys in
(and out of) leotards, and Toronto's
basically conservative audience, into
paroxysms of praise. This year, TWB has
had to cancel its first two shows and has
yet to announce replacements.

Toronto Free Theatre too, is shrouded
in mystery, a gauntlet of critics having
recently arrived at a press conference to
discuss the event cancelled. Despite
TWB's success brochure having already
been printed, it's being kept under tight
security, the only concession to the
audience being the intelligence (that
if the six plays will be Canadian).

Canadian plays do make up the back-
bone of several individual seasons. Ta-
ragon Theatre, the most successful ve-
nue so far for new Canadian works, may
have opened with Lillian Hellman's po-
litical gothic *Tape in the Attic*, but
Artistic Director Bill Glasser plans five
of its seven shows Canadian, including
Jiffm, a comedy by David French
(*Learning Home*), his first new work in
three years. "I chose *Tape* because the
script was immediately exciting to me,
an ensemble vehicle for six actors. It
will prove there's a hunger in Toronto
for solid, well-crafted plays. *Our Saviour*
in the spring will be more of an experi-
ment. But please don't forget that we're
also doing *Rock School*, *Mirbel Treas-*

ury, *Steve Peck* and John Gray. I'll
never give up the thrill of opening a new
play."

Even Leon Major, the beleaguered
boss of Toronto Arts Productions, the
city's putative civic theatre, is getting
into the act. His new version of *The Tru-
pion Women*, billed as a collaboration be-
tween himself, poet Geraldine Mac-
Kinnon and jazz-musician Phil Munnery,
opens late this month. A series of de-
faming experts and a year-long battle
with the press has kept Major in the
news; today, cooled off, he keeps his
voice lowered when talking about his
plans. "We've started well, we're doing
nice business. *The Truption Women* will
be our second Canadian play and it feels
good. The artistic juices are working
here, I want to draw an audience, but
commercialism should be the result of
the excellence of a production."

Major's trouble, along with that of
almost every other theatre in town, is
that something just had to give when
the art curtailments came in. Only the
Factory Theatre Lab, with its revived
workshop series, makes claims for or-
ganic development and the majority of
its workshops will feed its own pro-
duction rate. *Heart Attack's* *Lucky Strike*,
George F. Walker's *Remains of Our
Death* and Carol Bolt's long-awaited *A
Girl in Flames* open Circle's develop-
mental best will have to be satisfied
with merely a production of George
Ryan's opera, *Protestantism Bored*, both
of its other shows being *American-
Macdowell*, a new comedy by Horowitz
and *The Belle of Amherst*, starring

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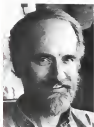
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Clare Cooper in the *Kindy* Division role Julie Harris created on Broadway.

Lowring are freer, possibly better, productions on more shabby sets, as more half-finished scripts, co-unpublished shows that fade quietly into the night. The heyday of playwright and director is dimming in the new elite—actors, business managers and politicians—among them. For 10 years Toronto has been a playwrights' city, and frequently the playwrights (John Fekner, Martin Korch, Ken Goss, Alvin Karp) have operated as directors. They're



Glossier: the world's still not gone

trained a cadre of actors in their small theatres, now the tradition is showcasing performances as these actors seek their teeth into a wider variety of roles. Director Pam Brughdon's Theatre Plus production of *Dance, Puck, Shoo and Vi* used Diane D'Angelo and Susan Hogan of Toronto Free Theatre, Maya Ardal of TFF and Mary Ann McDonald, a Theatre Plus discoverer, as British playwright Paul Cullen's four women struggling within a changing world. Susan Hogan, like Clare Cooper, Fania Rind, Barbara Gordon and Brenda Donohue, is luminous onstage, and there's a trend to good-looking, inventive roles, as opposed to character actors. R. H. Thomson has inherited that mantle, but Booth Savage as the betrayed gambler in *Jacky Strike*, David Roston as the charmingly sinister Sherlock Holmes and Kim Ryan as the enigmatic aging athlete in *That Championship Season*, are the journeyman on which to gaze. And it's the solid directors like Brughdon (three hits in a row) who are sought after.

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Constance Erlowson

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Putting on weight: baby, it's worth it!

Two plump little babies are eyeballing to eyeball on the carpeted floor and they are giggling. The room is full of the laughing and squeaking of 46 babies and the associated chatter of their mothers. "It was just a beautiful experience," enthuses Jennifer Moore, as she prepares, with the other mothers, to bid farewell to the staff of four who have helped her through her pregnancy, "and I'm really prepared to have another child." This joyous scene at the final weekly session of the Vancouver Perinatal Health Project—a two-year study designed to show that complete care during pregnancy can produce healthier babies—is in brutal contrast with the facts of Canadian life, that the nation's infant mortality rate is almost twice the ideal, eight per 1,000 (in Finland), and for every death, 10 severely handicapped children survive.

Susan Ross, the project's 35-year-old nutritional-coordinator, has focused on statistics showing that babies with the greatest survival rate and least handicaps are those weighing 7 lb. to 10 pounds (3,400 to 4,500 grams) at birth. With \$214,000 paid, Vancouver-B.C. health ministry financing and the supervision of city medical health officer Dr. Gerald Bushan, Ross and her

hand-picked team set out in November, 1986, to show how pregnant women could be helped to have bigger, healthier babies by improving their nutrition. They gave diet direction and psychological support to women of most social strata through two separate programs.

One, called Parent's Choice, deployed a nutritional-nurse-psychologist team to give 100 expectant parents pre- and post-natal choices, nutritional counseling, and guidance on stress, alcohol, drug use and smoking.

The other, Healthiest Babies Possible, used seven trained aides to convey the same information to 466 women considered "at risk" of having unhealthy babies due to poverty, age or ethnic background.

The project staff, to its own luck of surprise, found glaring nutritional deficiencies—even among many of the more affluent women. Many of those who could afford to eat well, ate poorly, with widespread deficiencies of calcium, iron and protein. "Many of them didn't have a breakfast, lunch, dinner regime," says Ross. "They ate whatever happened to be around." Her recommendation, supported by the B.C. Medical Association, was that women should gain a minimum of 30 pounds during pregnancy.

More glaring were the deficiencies of the poor and ethnic groups. The worst, according to aide-superior Annabel Rattner, were two-agers, single mothers and native Indians who "seemed to exist on tea and toast, hamburgers and hot dogs, candy, pop and chips." On top of the malans of welfare dependence, there were sensitive cultural complications to overcome, particularly with male-dominated ethnic communities. "We found that the East Indian women eat very poorly in terms of quantity," says Rattner. "I think that's a cultural thing in that they put themselves last." Nevertheless, some made headway: one East Indian mother of three, fed up with having small, sickly babies, followed her aide's advice to the letter. Said Rattner: "She gained a good amount of weight, she felt healthier and she had an excellent fine baby." The project also has statistical evidence for its success: the rate of low birth-weight babies was less than half the national average of 7.2 per cent of all births.

The big question now is whether the project will be stillborn. A report on the project is now in the hands of Vancouver city council and the B.C. health ministry. Dr. Bushan estimates it would cost about \$5 million annually for a permanent care program to be implemented province-wide and he recognizes that may be a tall order in times of restraint. But studies show that half of all lifelong handicaps can be prevented—and each year Canada spends \$3 billion on treatment of the handicapped. At this price, says Dr. Bushan, "we can't afford not to do it."

Clive Cocking

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Wendy Johnston (top left), Jennifer Moore (top right), Susan Ross, and young Jennifer. Baby fed in back.



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Since this pronouncement in 1888, spurred by Chaadaev's letter to a Moscow journal critical of the czarist regime, through the centuries of the Stalinist years, to the recent revelations of Alexander Solzhenitsyn in *The Gulag Archipelago*, the misuses of psychiatry by the Soviet state in its war on dissent have been amply and dolefully chronicled. Western outrage at the practices by ruthless Soviet regimes of steering these more obdurate critics to mental institutions has been vociferous, apocalyptic and only occasionally effective. But now, according to a Winnipeg-based Soviet lawyer who has kept in close contact with both dissident and populists abroad in his native country since emigrating in 1978, there is a chance for reform—from within.

Professor Yuri Lory, a balding, bespectacled 56-year-old lecturer at the University of Manitoba Law School, believes there is "clear evidence" of growing resistance by Soviet psychiatrists against professional abuses by

the state. And Lory, also a visiting lecturer at Toronto's Osgoode Hall Law School, is in a position to know. A former trial lawyer and sometime legal counsel to the Leningrad Chief Psychiatrist's Office, he defended several dissidents, including Edward Khametov, organizer of an abortive and widely publicized 1976 hijack attempt by a group of Soviet Jews denied permission to emigrate. It took Lory, himself a Jew, and his wife Elena, a respected Leningrad

Lory in his Winnipeg study (inset) and Russia's beleaguering Gorbachev: hospital it seems like an inside job



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psychiatrist, a frustrating six months to get permission to join their son, Sergey, in Canada—and he had to leave behind an 8,000-book private library. He's still in regular touch with many of his old friends and colleagues, though correspondence is sometimes channelled through mutual friends and ambiguously worded. But he won't divulge their names for fear of reprisals by the KGB—the Soviet security police.



Glasnost, the high price of protest

Yuriy spends much of his time travelling and coast lecturing throughout North America—and he has started promulgating his new theory. He told a recent meeting of the Ideology Society of Manitoba that there are grounds for cautious optimism. A psychiatric world congress in Helsinki specifically denounced psychiatric abuse in the Soviet Union—and, according to Yuriy, the publicity led many Soviet psychiatrists in his native country to start questioning. "Psychiatric corruption is limited to a very few where the KGB can rely on and they're often senior people," says Yuriy. "A student is usually questioned by a panel of four doctors and three may be totally honest. But if the senior doctor is under the KGB's thumb, he's likely to sway any final decision on the patient's sanity. He may say he's suffering from schizophrenia without the usual symptoms. What less experienced doctor would question a senior man's opinion?"

Yuriy says many Soviet psychiatrists are simply unaware of KGB manipulation and can't see why a well-paid senior doctor would be influenced. "There's clear evidence that awareness that some abuse goes on is growing," he says. "Those participating in psychiatric

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about can no longer rely on the total secrecy they had in the past and the war may be finding it harder to recruit successful professionals are becoming more suspicious." He cites the case of Dr. Sergey Guseman, now in a labor camp. Guseman deserted from the official version of the mental health of former Soviet general, Pyotr Grigorenko, who protested the invasion of Czechoslovakia and was confined in a psychiatric institute from 1969 to 1974. Guseman published his own view of Grigorenko, now in exile in the United States, as sane, and also pointed out psychiatric abuse. "He was the first psychiatrist to expose the abuse," says Lurpi. "Now they're beginning to spring up like mushrooms."

The neurotomas inside Alexander Podrubinski, recently imprisoned for his part in setting up a commission to guard against psychiatric abuse, after repeated threats by the KGB, Dr. Olga Nakarova and Vladimir Moskalenko of the Sverdlovsk Special Psychiatric Hospital in Sverdlovsk, were both fired for fraternizing with political prisoners, and Dr. Anatoly Barenin of the same institute, arrested by the KGB in 1976 and sentenced for compulsory psychiatric treatment for expressing sympathy with the prisoners. "These are factual cases and there are others we cannot yet discuss," says Lurpi. "There can be no question that the system is being more closely scrutinized by the majority of ethical psychiatrists. There are grounds for hope."

Lurpi says he has seen several Soviet psychiatric institutes first-hand and affirms that most are legitimate. Some, however, have special wings for political prisoners, and, declares Lurpi, treatment includes both mental and physical torture. Example: Young Ukrainian dissident Victor Baranov, a follower of General Grigorenko. "Victor was twice confined to psychiatric hospital for his views and was given painful surgical operations in the behind," says Lurpi. Baranov, 38, came to Winnipeg more than three months ago after Grigorenko had urged him to emigrate and plans to become an Orthodox Ukrainian priest in the U.S.

Although many of the abuses Lurpi details are well documented, he goes to great pains to emphasize that he didn't come to the West just to be another name-of-the-day slanderer of Soviet society. "I didn't leave Russia for money and I'm not fighting Soviet power because after 80 years of that system, when survival was often the main concern of most people, it's hard to change the line of thought. All I hope to do is warn people about abuses—not for altruistic reasons, but for practical ones. I want my grandchildren to grow up in a better world." Peter Curly-Gardner



CITIES

The fire's out, but the memories glow

By Graham Fraser
and Thomas Hopkins

It was Oct. 16. Voters were streaming to the polls to elect David Crombie to Parliament, from the leaf-strewn streets of wealthy Rosedale and from Regent Park, the first public housing project in Canada. The man they called the tiny perfect mayor had moved on to federal politics, leaving a chapter of Canadian urban history. That evening at city hall John Sewell, the lucky alderman who had consistently fought the spirit of urban self-determination in which Toronto bled during the Crombie years, was talking about the mayor he hopes to succeed. "David Crombie stated out a relatively new role for the mayor's office—to help resolve disputes between members of council," he said. "I think that's a useful role for a mayor to play." Sewell, who had almost single-handedly politicized city hall, who created the disputes that Crombie so skillfully settled, was putting himself forward as a mediator in the Crombie style.

Yet the metropolitan of the 20-year-old alderman reflects the late '60s

as change in urban politics. Canada's three largest cities, Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver, are on the eve of municipal elections slated for the second week of November. In all three cities, the reform fervor so evident four and six years ago has faded, the reform groups split, the urban landscape changed. The great surge of reform in city politics that was known as "The Reform Movement" was a wave that elected Crombie in Toronto and Art Phillips in Vancouver in 1972, that professed the first real elected opposition to Jean Drapeau in 1964. Though receding, it has left a new standard of urban architecture, a concern about the preservation of historic buildings, and dozens of small triumphs in neighborhoods rescued from obliteration for high-rise towers or near-city expressways.

The reform movement was born in response to the massive building boom of the late '60s and early '70s. As the Canadian economy freed its muscles, banks built their 30-story cathedrals in wealth and city governments obediently set about planning for high-rise apartments and expressways to service the boom. Crowding neighborhoods in

South on one of the Toronto "mobs" and (above) Cobblestone house before restoration in incongruous metropolitan

the city centres had attracted a yearly element of middle-class professionals and artists, who brought different standards with them to the old Victorian rowhouses, the shophouse cottages and greystones they were renovating. But the idealism that nurtured the belief that middle-class professionals and welfare tenants could live together in "nice neighborhoods" withered when inner-city houses began to sell for \$80,000 and up. Reformism faded as the economy tightened. Reformist killed expressways as effectively as protest groups.

Toronto was the most visible battleground—the ripples of its development fights could be felt across the country. But now, as Sewell moderates his tone and talks about "the new John Sewell," the change becomes clear. "The old reform movement is now a spent force," says alderman Doug Hoag, a workman who campaigned for the Nip for years before getting elected to city council in 1972. "The reform movement was limited to municipal issues and it now seems impossible to argue for municipal policies only. When 90 per cent of people in an area are tenants, it is not easy to interest them in a zoning bylaw." The reformers of 1972 were united under the slogan because this was Crombie's majority. Preserve the Neighborhoods. "We people asked for when and against whom must we protect the neighborhoods?" Hoag points out. "It seemed obvious that high-rise buildings were the enemy."

But the simplicity of labelling the developer as the enemy soon wore away to cliché. Says Hoag, running again in the November election. "We began to learn that while some of us 'reformers' wished to protect neighborhoods for the welfare class against the big developers, there were more interested in protecting neighborhoods for middle-income

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people, the professional and managerial classes, against both big investor and the low-income working class. Neighbourhood protection turned out only to benefit a minority. "Downtown neighbourhoods were 'saved' for middle-class buyers as city plans were changed to protect them.

The Croixie years did transform planning in Toronto, a two-year 48-foot high-rise gave planners a chance to redesign the standards for downtown. While Sewell fought Crombie's central area plan (which severely limited office towers, introduced rigorous architectural standards and gave incentives to builders to use office space and housing) arguing that it should be tougher, he says simply that the fight is now over. "We haven't always done as well as we should have, but the direction we've been going in the last six years is the right one."

On the surface, Sewell's rage is obviously softened. His former allies are squabbling, some having dropped out of municipal politics, some working with the MCG municipally, some running for a group called Reform Metro, some running as independents. And yet, despite their differences, virtually all are supporting Sewell's candidacy. With two candidates with similar conservative credentials to split the vote, David Seith and Tony O'Keefe, Sewell has a chance. While the spotlight has shifted away from city issues, it is possible that Torontonians may still elect a strongly reformist council to implement the compromises Crombie hammered out.

If David Crombie presided over a quiet revolution in urban politics in Toronto, Montreal is still locked in the social straits. As powerful, doctrinaire and successful as Duplessis ever was provincially, in Montreal Jean Drapeau is still firmly in control, while the 18 reform members of council who caught the city by surprise in 1974 are splintered and divided.

As in Toronto and Vancouver, the outrageous excesses of the boom years of the early 1970s brought together an uneasy coalition of left winging, lib-

eral, environmentalists and community leaders in the Montreal Citizens' Movement (MCM). But by 1976, the MCM was torn with ideological differences, and this year a group of disenchanted moderates formed the Municipal Action Group (MAG). As a result, Drapeau and his Civic Party are being challenged by two groups urging reform—the left-wing MCM, with planner Guy Desjardins running for mayor, and the middle-of-the-road MAG, with Liberal ex-Serge Joyal as majority candidate.

The veterans of the euphoric arrival of the MCM at city hall in 1976 are bitter about the split. Says Michael Parent, an engineer and key member of MCM, "It was always anticipated there would be an attempt to split and divide the party. And it's happened. While the MCM remains a district-based democratic organization, MAG has come forward with a traditional, elitist group based on personalities that is supposed to 'deliver reform.' Nick Auf der Maer, who helped found MCM, is equally bitter about what he sees as the doctrinaire ideology of the MAG. "The MCM went wild-eyed and thought they were going to change the world," he says. "They misunderstood the desire for reform in the electorate. A lot of the reform people wanted were essentially conservative reforms."

Despite the split, anyone might think that Drapeau is in trouble. He had been vilified by the Parti Québécois when it was in opposition, tears have dripped, the Malcolme Commission inquiry

into the Olympic site is revealing stunning evidence of mismanagement and incompetence, and Gérard Bédard, Drapeau's right-hand man, was forced to admit last month serious accusations of conflict of interest. Certainly, his opponents are hammering away—Drapeau using the TV cameras to spotlight neighbourhood issues and Joyal attacking the fiscal mismanagement of the city. But privately, activists in the two groups concede that Drapeau's re-election seems a certainty.

"Drapeau has the lead," admits one MCM candidate. "There is a percentage of the population that considers him to be a competent, a supervisor. Instead of feeling he was wrong in his handling of the Olympics, they sympathize with him. There's a tradition in Quebec of blindly following a great leader. It certainly applies to Drapeau." The best shot the reformers can hope for is that fighting on a ward-by-ward basis in the new 54-district system the provincial government has introduced, the two reform parties may win a majority of council seats.

In Vancouver, reform politics gravitated to two groups from the outset—a Liberal group of affluent waste-idea professional people, The Citizens Action Movement (TEAM), and the Committee of Progressive Electors (COPE), a left-wing organization that has succeeded in electing small-in-Metro and longtime civic fighter Harry Hansen as alderman.

In the boom years of late '60s and early '70s, Melbourne mayor Tom Ungless and his senior administrator Gerald Sutton Brown became the symbols of destructive planning, proposing a cut's road of expressways that would have split Vancouver apart, bulldozing sections of the east side (Strathcona) for urban renewal, and other massive development proposals. The opposition against them moved the glamorous Art Phillips into office in 1972 with a TEAM-dominated council. TEAM fired Sutton Brown and rebuffed the planning board but, eventually, says TEAM founder and past president Paul Simant, "The success that led to the reform-

Joyal (left), Drapeau and Montmarault (center) in the campaign trail in the five-year city of Montreal.





Mayor Ralph Brown and Vancouver Mayor Keith Newman: 2. sense of relief that the growth explosion is over

tion of the party were largely settled before it came to power. The expressways and the larger projects had been stopped already and the party-backlash coalition began to deteriorate as the bourgeoisie evaporated. Phillips resigned in 1976, feeling, according to insiders, that the job was done.

Jack Veldrich, who succeeded Phillips, was elected to council in 1972 after leading a fight to stop a Marathi Beauty shopping centre from being built in Arbutus Ridge, a middle-class neighborhood of west-side Vancouver. But the square-faced, hawk-nosed mayor has consistently sided with the interests that he attacked to get elected. He is being opposed by his former "kiss colleague," Ray Brown, the chairman of the city's powerful finance and administrative committee. But the reformer has died in Vancouver. Even if Brown wins, aided by the support of the media, west-side liberals and academics, she will likely have a seriously depleted party behind her, and the pattern of "winners and losers" politics that set in two years ago will continue.

A major handicap for reform is the absence of wards or districts. Vancouver is one of the two cities (the suburb of Burnaby is the other) in Canada with a population over 120,000 that does not elect ward aldermen; aldermen are elected at large. Abolished in 1968, the re-installation of a ward system is on the Nov. 15 ballot, but few expect it will be approved. "The lack of a ward system is a holdover from when Vancouver was still a small city," says Simon Fraser University political scientist Jacques Beaudin. "But with a city budget of more than \$180 million that view is no longer appropriate."

Beaudin is pessimistic about any renaissance of urban reform in Vancouver.

Veldrich: once in office, an about-face

"There is no reform coalition of any sort in 1978. The issues of 1966 are simply not present now and there is no use in trying to create a movement if there are no issues." Donald Gustafson, a Vancouver architect and author specializing in urban affairs, points to the economy as a key factor. "Vancouver is currently in a no-growth period," he says. "All the major developments are in neutral or in the preliminary planning stages, and as a result more downtown business people are getting worried. Most ordinary people, I think, feel an enormous sense of relief that the explosion of growth is over."

The explosion is over everywhere. But many of the changes reformers made on the way the system functions are now permanent. Toronto and Vancouver both introduced neighborhood planning offices, and while Montreal city hall is so closed and secretive as ever, other levels of government have picked up the signals. The federal government drastically scaled down its proposal for Congress Guy Pastre and has opened up its planning of the Montreal waterfront, leveling public participation. In Vancouver, the last major project was to have been a huge skyscraper that

then-governor W. A. C. Bennett wanted as the provincial court building. In 1970, the New Democratic government knocked the profile of the project and handed it over to architect Arthur Erickson. Nearly early next year, the courthouse is a five-story, open and airy structure that welcomes the eye.

If economic lessons make a pattern, the next battles of urban reform will be fought in the bastions of Calgary and Edmonton. But there is some indication that the development industry is centralized enough in the big cities to have learned from the reform struggles of the past. Despite loud arguments from big developers that Toronto's demands for a mix of offices and housing downtown would be impossible and impractical, Kent Gerardo of the University of Manitoba, expert in city planning, notes worry that a recent major development proposal for Winnipeg included all the design features developers are saying they can't cope with in Toronto. While urban reform eras that are new part of history haven't changed the world, or "created socialism in one neighborhood," they have made a lasting impact on the form and function of Canadian cities.



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Books

The unions and the proles are watching you

1985

by Anthony Burgess
McCollins & Stewart \$14.25

It seems to come down to a matter of class. Old Etonian George Orwell, squaring precariously on the fringes of the bounds-and-hounds-tooth tradition that dominated his England, saw a future corrupted by his own kind. His shattering, brilliant novel, 1984, described a totalitarian nightmare, set in Britain, in which ordinary working blokes would be tyrannized by a bureaucracy of intellectuals. Now, Manchester-born, lower-middle-class Anthony Burgess, who scrambled up the ladder to his current tax-haven address in Monaco, gives us another vision. His 1985 sees a British society equally totalitarian but run this time by uneducated labor for its own benefit, with a rapidly sinking economy being salvaged externally by monolithic bands of young thugs, and externally by Islam.

Between Orwell and Burgess lies the complexity of the master-slave relationship. Burgess has written a disciple's book that is a mixture of criticism, homage and an attempt to contradict, complement and even complement. Orwell's 1984. The first half of Burgess' novel analyzes Orwell and his novel; the second half is Burgess' own futuristic novel written with the power and intensity of a superb craftsman. In contrast to Orwell's noble goals, Burgess' working class is very ordinary, filled

with the same kind of greed, stupidity and envy that moves their upper-class counterparts. But, having learned his lesson, the workers of 1985 have actually grabbed power and enforced their stretched fish-and-chips values on everyone in a kind of totalitarian syndicalist society. If Orwell saw the future as a sort of Marxist feudalism with a technological bourgeois-aristocracy ruling the serfs, Burgess sees it as the ultimate Classed Shop. The loss of liberty, of course, would be equally complete in both.

In a sense both 1984 and 1985 are safe predictions, since at the time each was written both societies already existed. Orwell's most closely resembled Stalin's Russia of 1949 and Burgess' the England of 1979. In fact, the school cur-



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models of the women's (quasi-masculine) anti-establishment fighters described by Burgess are virtually identical with Canada's evolving "progressive" educational guidelines.

Burgess' 1950 is likely to resemble the socialist-era future more closely than Orwell's book. But Orwell wrote about the

great underlying currents of human history, and Burgess is more concerned with the wives and ripples. Oil shocks and street thugs are part of today's reality, of course, but they come and go. Though the surface is of more immediate concern to the scholar, for the explorer looking at the shape of con-

sciousness to expose the underlying currents are of greater significance. In any case, futuristic books are not written to foretell the future but to point out the dangers and errors of the present. What both books are about the threat to liberty and human dignity. Would that they were heeded.

Barbara Avelle

accidentally forecast the future."

He demurs, however: "But he has no political axe to grind. This apocalyptic I recognize; that glimpse of a socialist state and wholesale proxy is a power to going to remain a socialist state. I deplore it but I can't do anything about it so I stay out of politics."

His stay-out-of-England thesis was preferred to be in a country with a warmer climate and a Catholic community which, so Joyce tells us in *Ulysses*, flourished at Waterloo. He had taken a few years ago but didn't like the country. "I spoke out about it and was immediately persona non grata and had to get out. In Italy I found that my son was dead on the famous kidnapping list. So I said I'm living in Vienna which is awful, hard, safe and noisy, but there I can get on with my work. My place is good, so low in nowadays, except possibly Dublin. I don't know."

Kevin Byrne

—continued—

A feast that's fit for a king

THE SEARCH FOR TUTANKHAMUN
by Thomas Hoving (Harvard, \$10.95)

By the time the King Tut exhibit finishes its North American tour next year—the last stop being the Art Gallery of Ontario—it will have drawn eight million visitors, infected them with chronic kleptomania and made a muddle of all the byzantine and hermetic world make a great story in itself. But there's another story here, as romantic as you'll find anywhere, and that's the one Hoving has laid out in his marvelous book.

The stories of three men figure in the adventure from the start, but only one—Tut himself—was to remain famous for very long; and the only thing he did that was very important was to get himself buried, around 1350 BC, in a tomb so well hidden that grave robbers missed it for centuries. His mummy has been hidden since, but it was found for the other two men: the Earl of Carnarvon, a brilliant amateur digger, and Howard Carter, one of the most fascinating methodical archaeologists who ever lived. Carnarvon provided most of the money, Carter the brains and muscle, but for five years it all seemed like a waste. Until that morning in November,

1922, when a water-pipe poking in the sand uncovered...

To describe the actual discovery and the meanderings and intrigues surrounding it would be to give the game away; to be appreciated, it just has to be read. What Carter faced guaranteed one of history's biggest media events from the day of Tut's discovery, reporters and tourists pressed into the Valley of the Kings, snooping under every rock for a new item or souvenir. As Hoving shows, Carnarvon and Carter were hardly the beleaguered amateurs they pretended to be behind the scenes; they were busy negotiating movie rights, playing off newspapers against each other for the best syndication deal, and fighting out how to get the best share of the treasure.

Most of the book is a snappily paced description of the 18-year battle between Carter (Carnarvon died in 1923) and the Egyptians, museum, and media, an anecdotal compendium with amateur agents and secret codes. As the head organizer of Tut's North American tour, Hoving managed to get access to a heap of suppressed and forgotten documents. Using them, he has put together the real story, the one Carter never wanted told. The result, a feast of a book, from first to finish.

John Bentley Mayes

Keeping the ties that are binding

A CASE OF BONE
by Jean Guy Carrier (O'Brien, \$15.95)

A society recognized by immigrants, Quebecers in Canada have inherited its roots from researchers, sometimes courageous individuals who chose to reintroduce a culture, and often a language, to join in the mosaic of the continent. That legacy may explain why many English-Canadian misunderstand—and—yet—resent the presence in their midst of a defiantly unassimilated Quebec. As a people, Quebecers never elected the immigrant's package of one culture for another, while other North Americans ruminates through European churchyards and the passenger lists of long-ago liners to trace a filly past, that of Quebecers been down on them with the weight of three centuries that transcendible difference of origin, more than language, is the real measure of distance between Montreal and Toronto, between René Lévesque and William Davis.

Jean-Guy Carrier engages (or seduces) a unique perspective of both societies: let's a French-Quebecer who writes in English. His third novel, *A Case of Bone*, is set in the real village of St.

Caselle, deep in Bellefleur County from where Carrier's parents and their neighbors migrated to give Wolford, Ontario, its new disintegrating French-Canadian minority. Carrier himself hangs suspended between St. Caselle and assimilation, his determined roots writhing for a grip in a land of shifting sand.

Though his work has been included in Canadian anthologies, Carrier's earlier writings have been denied the attention they deserve by publisher O'Brien Press's apparent aversion to commercial success. His first book, *My Father's*

House, said out but was never reprinted and his second, *French*, never made it to many bookstores. This new novel marks Carrier's passage from apprentice to artisan. The uncontrolled anger of an infant torn uncleaned from his mother's breast has been creatively disciplined and channelled into tale with more power than self-pity. And, though a few sentences still clank with clumsiness, the writing itself as longer blocks from the sounds of pained composition.

Through the petty politics and alienated sexual angst of St. Caselle's Mayor



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Joseph Morneau, the matriarchal tyranny of the Valmore family and the desperate attempts of its children to leave, and then come home, the novel is as intimate and revealing as an old family photograph album. And while Carrière masterfully reveals weaving more than the requisite political tension into the story, *A Case of Stone* says gently about Québec what others have been screaming too loudly to be understood.

David Thomas

Dismemberment of things past

BLOOD SECRETS
by Craig Jaron
(194 pages, \$11.95)

"Don't teach me or so help me I'll put a bullet in that machine that's supposed to be your heart," advises the female narrator during the climax of *Blood Secrets*. The author, a young Brooklyn schoolteacher, spends virtually every page of his lean, muscular novel forcing plot details for the finish, potently arranging the architecture for that climax. You keep reading; each new clue dangles about within your grasp, the solution of a family mystery methodically held in abeyance. Told in flashback from the narrator's trial for murder, the book's an updating of the hard-boiled, water-words style of James M. Cain (*Double Indemnity*, *Mildred Pierce*)—a blending of duplicity and artfully veiled perversion. It's also a somewhat startling mix of plot and dialogue, devoid of sentiment, stripped of diversion. Characters are marionettes, marking toward an inescapable rendezvous. There's the narrator, a sensitive lit teacher, who marries Frank, a history teacher whose past is shrouded in mystery, the narrator's mythical friend, Gloria, who opens the coupling cynically, the bad seed of the marriage, the wild teen-age Rayna, who could be the twin of Veda from *Mildred Pierce*, her suspicious boy-friend, and the oddly named Aunt Vivian. When the rendezvous occurs it's "shocking," as the best pulp tradition.

The lead bid for the paperback rights of *Blood Secrets* was \$37,000, not bad for a first novel. It just goes to show how profitable a pursuit watching old movies can be. *Blood Secrets* is movie-theatrical, risky stuff—a film noir novel. Reading the cinematic scenes you can easily remember Jean Crawford as Mildred, taking one of those grab-bag automobiles out of her check bag and letting her victim have it between the eyes. Jaron's aim has its deadly accuracy, too.

Lawrence O'Toole



Jaron: schoolteacher of hard knocks.

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Yes Virginia, there is a Gulag (and others too)



MIDNIGHT EXPRESS
Directed by Allen Parker

At the Turkish prison into which the young American Billy Hayes (Brad Davis) was thrown for smuggling hash, and kept there as a political scapegoat, taking the "midnight express" meant escaping Alan Parker's snuff-a-rama at Cannes, banned in Turkey—books beyond the burners of Hayes's personal account into an explosive essay on totalitarianism. Knowingly, the volcano is so high and the story so sordid, you feel you've been raped by it. The attention concentrated on heinous beat-up by a sadistic guard, beads of sweat rolling down his porcine face, the pet out of a junkie (John Hart) vengefully butchered, teeth covering the issue from a junkie's mouth, the prison's Section 13 for the insane like one of Dante's Circle of Hell, the ever-growing attenuated reduction of every reserve of human dignity. It must all appear so grotesque, especially to a culture used to viewing the rest of the world from remote control. It does seem incredible that human beings treat each other the way they do. But there are Gulags, there were pogroms. *Midnight Express* violates the austerities and civility of our society. Is it totalitarian simply because the West has always refused to suspend its disbelief?

To understand what happens to Hayes is to understand the value put on life by other cultures. It might also help to have looked through southern Europe and the East in the early '70s, to remember the looks on the faces of those whose friends had been shot into

Davis and his buddy stay in 'aha'

Turkish and Afghan death holes—horror stories that made you feel so tough you were crawling on the back of your neck. *Midnight Express* tells—with a brutal, whip-lash sublimity—of an ambivalence in searching for a *Pasha* (Bogdan Muresan) and screenwriter Oliver Stone have come under fire for drastically distorting Hayes's book, showing scenes of horrendous violence and, above all, insuring that Hayes's ordeal be given a larger, more humane reach. What achieves that is Brad Davis extraordinary self-effacing performance as the bugged Everyman and his astonishing ability to show us the fermentation of fear—and hope—in his

Teel Ross as the Cowardly Lion, had they tried to kill her as a heretic



face. With no subtitles for all the Turkish spoken, we're placed in the vortex of his dislocation. The flaws—some emotional fraudulence, forgotten details, faintness, the almost pretty look of the movie (as if David Lean got at it)—can't cancel out the memorable scenes or subvert from its overwhelmingly powerful sense of outrage. Or that pulse of promise during the final leap aboard. **Lawrence O'Toole**

This sure ain't Kansas, Toto

THE WIZ
Directed by Sidney Lumet

Generations have taken comfort from *The Wizard of Oz* and its only message that, no matter how weird, there's no place like home. *The Wiz*, Sidney Lumet's version of the stage musical, offers a '70s twist—no matter how nostalgic, there's no one like me. It's a flashy fantasia on self-awareness. Kansas is now New York City, and Dorothy (Diana Ross) a 16-year-old schoolteacher who's too shy to leave Aunt Em's Harlem flat and take a job downtown. Like Terry Davis from *Looking For Mr. Goodbar*, another educator who had trouble making, Dorothy learns her lesson the hard way: a trip to Oz and run-ins with pre-talking crows, dope-pushing booties, leather-clad monkeys on motorcycles and a \$25-million production teach her that she's ready for her own apartment.

Throughout, Ross wears one outfit, a skirt and blouse, and one expression, dulcet. As the Scarecrow, stuffed with wisdom from Frances Bacon and Confucius, Michael Jackson is a cloying singer, Ted Ross is a loudmouthed cowardly lion, Nipsey Russell, a bering Tennessean, and Richard Pryor, a strong-arm Wile. And, as Glinda the Good Witch, Lena Horne hangs in the sky and sings.

There are occasional long shots of the four monks on the Yellow Brick Road (Oz's Waverly Island bridge named in vif) in which Ross moves with loquacious, innocent grace, but Lumet has mostly chosen stilled frames showing the players from the spines up. Ross Tony Walter's greenhouse designs are lost in a dusky glow when a line of flowers, decked out in high slacks by a host of designers, drops their hips and sways in front of a partially lit World Trade Center, it's hard to tell when the sequenced jumpcuts end and the least tawdry begin. As Ross takes a final star turn against a black background and her tears fall and she lets go, a heartily shout goes, it's easy to understand why Aunt Em wants her out of the house. **David Livingstone**

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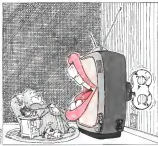
Deliver us — oh dear — from the cacophonous Cassandras and the sundry, simpering souls

By William Casselmann

ON CBC's Marketplace behold Joan Watson, God Lady of the Warring Pages, the uptight reformer who, like Ralph Nader, burns with a deep psychosocial need for bad news, pines to find the cancer in the buxom, serene to hear the walls of the severed fingers on the toy shelf. The white is Joan Watson's voice, a nasally, Ontario-bred, throaty voice, it has munched off rude cabin walls over time we came here, the moon

Chump in such a soggy doughnut on camera, I hope Helen lights the only prejudice of WJ producers Laurel Lush and Don Cameron and demands assignments with more gusto.

I watch 100 Highway Street, a sloppily produced, bokey Canadian gospel show, usually taped in Toronto before an audience who appear to have been freshly thawed and transfused in from Cryogenic City before airtime. Soggy grannies on-screen their blue-veined noses, tangling their bewilderment at modern life and



Housewives everywhere in the vast black of the Dominion leave her, applaud her, lay up her horror (like parched pappas) to her consumer habits. Distract them from bedroom terrors or fangas on the family tree?

Oh sure, TV should expose commercial deceit. And Joan's a veritable moral gendarme. For warning to about shoddy unbrilliant. But what does that face really tell us?

That we Canadian consumers are fretful, made wary by piousness, wishing only to divide away on some crackling toilet vernacular, partisan shovel pulled right against the cold dark.

As I watch the faces of hosts on Canadian TV I wonder who shares these faces with us. What do their studies on an audience night tell us about ourselves? How healthy and life-affirming by contrast is the face of Helen Hesterman, an CBC's WJ pulls a Lauren Bacall and crisp, Helen was an intelligent joy last summer on her own half-hour show, especially her duo. Right with neovisionist Ernie Jung as interview that opened a window on what's left of the cookies on Joan's heart. But so far on the new WJ Helen gets lost beneath with fuzzy upstarters stem about dental work and fat-kid fairs, while that potatoe head Henry Champ glazes the goodness—the Margaret Trudeau and Jeremy Thorpe interviews. Since

fear of death back into place, out of sight whenever an Canadian thought belongs. Then appears the visage of David Mervin, host of many series. Mervin's toothy speaker might be the smile of a vampire who nicks virginity darts and then makes bottom-of-the-melancholy nose. After five minutes of grumpy-churning, David segues into Smile No. 2, a baritone bark so strong I feared self-abuse was imminent on camera. Following a hymn from a born-again marriage player we get soggy sayings—"The life in Christ is not put in the sky when you die, it's on the plate while you work." The grannies do not laugh.

"Well, I liked it," says our best three-terribly Smile No. 3 smiles. Hardly stop singing. Not a giggle from the grannies. With a heave, Mervin undoes his final banner, a clenched fist of a smile. I flip channels to avoid more babble.

On to Alberta exalted Hard to

imagine The face of pop singer Burton Cummings did it, peppy rock-of-the-walk in the high summer layday of his talent, strutting his musical stuff before a stomping, leaping, burn-to-the-blood audience at Calgary's Heritage Park. Mark his passages allegory. If you could smooch your ears. A superb special was produced by Stan Johnston for CBC's variety department. For Burton Cummings West show and the hell out of dandy Studio 5? they got a good script, they got a performer with talent. We got an hour to dig the dirt during the Christmas all along our optic nerves. Unfortunately, Cummings' music was defaced by its proximity to Ford commercials.

In Paul Bales too silly to live? There he was a few weeks ago on Canada After Dark all prayer with modesty, afraid to say the word pastor on Canadian TV. Grieving, he tried to stammer his way through the French euphemism vocabulary. He couldn't pronounce it. Try again, Paul. He might have told the anecdote about the filmman Emperor Vespasian who declared a tax on the urinals in first-century Rome. His ministers were against. How dare he besmear the Roman Empire. Vespasian's son replied he'd school down the centuries. Bales saw air ("The money doesn't smell"). May Paul Bales' face grow bright with wisdom, but not grow much.

The one Canadian face I will not forget appeared on CBC's 50th anniversary celebration of Mervin Harte, an executive, an out-of-work free breather of all things, acerbically interviewed by Adrienne Clarkson. In the vein of this southern Ontario lass, made low by shame, the excellent reportage gave us something new on Canadian TV: a chance to be compassionate, an honest moment of fellow-ship, a more powerful reminder of our own common humanity than David Mervin or Joan Watson.

A charmer of Canadian faces flickers back at us—the dark of Mervin and Watson, the light of Cummings, Hesterman and Clarkson. And it must be Canada, because the darkness are still considered more virtuous.



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